THE COMMONWEAL

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NAVAL NEURITIS

RECENT congressional debating of the London treaty bears a certain affinity to what is often witnessed in back-lot baseball. If the lad who is up with two men on bases tries a bunt which develops into a grounder to the box, assorted fans will observe that he should have hit or been hit, knocked a two-bagger or fainted. Mr. Stimson, returning from London after arduous months spent in waiting for the French to settle their parliamentary difficulties and for the British to fathom the intentions of Il Duce, offers a document and figures attractive to nobody in particular. It is remarkable enough that he returned with anything at all. Grateful for even this limited prowess the Secretary has struggled to arrange his dossier as attractively as possible, and to explain why things might have been worse.

The opposition is colorful enough. It is lodged, first of all, in the General Board of the Navy, prominent officers identified with which are frankly disappointed with several technical decisions reached in London. Admirals Bristol and Jones object that failure to secure for the United States a larger allotment of eight-inch-gun cruisers undermines parity at an important point, giving Japan in particular a real advantage. Admiral Pratt, on the other hand, believes that six-inch guns are worthy of approval in every sense of the term. Naturally the layman is not qualified to solve this problem; but he cannot help noticing that the tonnage involved in the debate is very small. Admiral Jones wanted a minimum of twenty-one eight-inch-gun cruisers. He got eighteen, owing to the circumstance that a larger allotment would have increased the Japanese quota to a point considered dangerous by Australia and New Zealand. Therefore the matter in dispute does not seem important enough to serve as a determining factor.

Of greater significance is the question of curtailment. Everybody, including the administration, had hoped for tonnage reductions all around, in the interest of economy and pacification. Nothing of the sort proved possible, owing chiefly to international complications. The world's fleets were reduced in only one category, that of capital ships. Great Britain and Japan were authorized to do considerable new building, chiefly of light cruisers, destroyers and submarines. A heavier burden devolves upon the United States, faced with the necessity for building more than $1,000,000,000 worth of ships—either entirely or in part—by 1936. There

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are those who feel that this program which, excepting in the domain of aircraft carriers, is largely a matter of "catching up," should not be undertaken in order that the pacific intentions of the United States may be manifested. It is argued that Great Britain is obviously not bothering about an "American war" but is concerned with continental problems, and that Japan's attitude is purely defensive. But in a world of realities it is well to understand things as they really are—to accept the fact that parity in ships is an aspect of our present national destiny and to pave the way for such future reductions as may be possible.

We believe, therefore, that the treaty ought to be underwritten. Nevertheless it is impossible to ignore the really menacing facts which the conference brought to light. While the activity of "big navy" enthusiasts in all countries is eminently natural (we mean not the desire of a good officer for a good ship, but the enthusiasm of superpatriots for power on the seas) their policy of creating thunderheads in order to frighten public opinion gives unfortunate international happenings a significance wholly out of keeping with their real import. British alarmists have had their say. The extreme party in Japan well-nigh made it impossible for Nippon's delegates to agree to any kind of practical compromise. Under such circumstances the value of political endeavors like the Kellogg treaties is severely discounted; and since these depend for their effectiveness upon public opinion, the whole movement toward diplomatic amity is halted. With such considerations in mind, one might even argue that naval conferences do as much harm as good.

M. Briand's suggestions, for instance, indubitably suffered in the atmosphere of rivalry and suspicion which surrounded the conference. Realizing that Italy's demand for parity constituted something like a threat, he struggled to find some other way out besides competitive ship building. His failure, attributable partly to nationalistic sentiment in his own country, immediately and necessarily aroused the concern of Britain, to which the fate of the Mediterranean is a matter of vital importance. Thus the conference left the European situation more chaotic than it had been previously; and when one adds the alarm created in Paris by the recent Zeppelin flight over that city (an alarm both amusing and ominous) one has arrived at none too favorable a political balance. But what cannot be doubted is the readiness of the English to meet the United States half-way. Although Admiral Jones did not get all the eight-inch guns he desired, it must be borne in mind that Mr. MacDonald's government has agreed to dismantle a number of powerful vessels. The royal navy will put out of commission five heavy cruisers while the United States will abandon three old ships of slightly smaller range, and there are other concessions. It is desirable that at least this indication of good-will should not go unnoticed in the midst of talk about war and rumors of war. In so far as the treaty generally is concerned, we find ourselves in agreement with the New York World: "Americans who are concerned about stabilizing armaments as a basis of world peace should recognize, we believe, that this treaty is a substantial advance over any they have ever achieved before, and that its partial failure is due to political causes which neither the leading statesmen of Britain and America nor the general public were adequately prepared to understand."

WEEK BY WEEK

THE details of M. Briand's plan for a United States of Europe have at last been made public. They remind one very much of our own federal organization, as it was conceived by many Americans before the Civil War. Each component state remains sovereign and independent, but elects to the central government representatives who shall deliberate on such matters as tariffs, communications, labor problems, hygiene and assistance to backward peoples. No mention of military organization is included in the plan; apparently the cohesion of the superstate must depend on the strength of the member states' desires to prosper economically and morally through coöperation. As soon as the plan was made public, the French government assured the State Department that M. Briand's European federation was not aimed against us—an assurance which has obviously only a diplomatic meaning, for if our interests as a nation should ever conflict with those of Europe, as a nation, it would be folly to suppose that any European union would not direct its energies against us. This is the one alarming aspect of the plan. Is it wise to divide the civilized world into even larger potentially hostile units? The horrors of a war between such units were barely foreshadowed in 1914-18. Meanwhile Great Britain, because of the dominions, has let it be understood that she can only take the part of a friendly observer in any United States of Europe. Soviet Russia shows no signs of favoring M. Briand. The Vatican, as might have been expected, has expressed its approval of the whole business in no uncertain terms. Perhaps it will be America's achievement to have shown by example the first practical way to a united Europe.

Mr. Briand's Pan-Europe

MESSRS. Davis and Pinchot have won the Republican nominations for senator and governor in Pennsylvania. The former represents the Vare-Philadelphia organization, which thus defeated Senator Grundy of tariff fame. Mr. Davis's majority over his two opponents, for there was also a wet candidate, shows at least a strong feeling in a manufacturing state against the present tariff; it may likewise show a desire to endorse the administration, of which Mr. Davis has hitherto been a member. It has very little wet or dry significance. Strangely

The Pennsylvania Primaries

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enough, Senator Grundy's ally, Gifford Pinchot, defeated the Vare candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, F. S. Brown, of Philadelphia. Governor Pinchot's integrity, his prohibition support in the rural districts, and rural hatred of the Vare machine had probably a great deal to do with this; James J. Davis did not represent city machine politics to quite such an extent; he had the support of the White House and national republicanism. The extraordinary element in these primaries, however, was the large support given the wet candidates, who had no political organization behind them and who were neither of them politicians. This support was so encouraging, that the Society for the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is considering running wet candidates on an independent ticket next fall. If this should happen, the Pennsylvania election will be much more worth watching than usual.

Merely a Schoolbook

THE upshot of the battle over Modern History, the exiled Hayes-Moon text, has been the persistent question: what can be done to prevent recurrences of this regrettable performance? It should be observed that nobody denies the right of an individual to protest, as did Dr. Haughwout, against a book he considers hostile to his point of view. But one is astounded to find that such a protest apparently must be accepted at its face value by the authorities in charge. In all probability Mr. Campbell first looked at the incident as a mere matter of routine, and then found himself in a blind alley without exits. At any rate no public review of a book by a jury of historians was permitted, nor were the authors consoled with anything beyond a vague admonition to do better in the future. The outcome has been a disposition on the part of public opinion to see in this controversy a test case bearing upon the legislation now in force. Mr. Campbell's action was based on Section 10 of the general contract in force between the New York City Board of Education and textbook publishers. This section reads: "The Board of Education reserves the right during the period for which this contract is made to strike from the list of textbooks, charts, maps, etc., herein contained or hereto attached, such books, charts, maps or other supplies as may be deemed for the best interest of the city so to do, and no claim or damage will be allowed because of the striking of such textbooks or other supplies from said list." Such a ruling permits the discard at any time of works adjudged to have become obsolete, or to have been proved either incorrect or pedagogically unserviceable.

BUT the query remains: who shall deem it "for the best interest of the city" to drop a book from the approved list? If the arbiter is one man, there is danger lest his judgment be so biased, timorous or restricted that honest scholarship and the aims of popular education may both suffer. One feels sure that Mr. Campbell himself now fully appreciates the risk involved. We therefore suggest that Section 10 be amended by the addition of a subsequent clause providing that before any textbook, chart or map may be stricken from the list, thirty days' notice must be given to the publishers involved; and that, if requested, a hearing shall be given within the period specified by a committee appointed by the Board. This method of procedure could not easily be abused by publishers and would obviously be more nearly in accord with American traditions than the method now in vogue. It would, we think, prevent the recurrence of such acrimonious disturbances as the one here commented upon. To understand the matter fully, one must bear in mind that an individual textbook seldom seems of great importance to a school executive. So many volumes, on all subjects, are now written and issued that it is even to the advantage of educational authorities to curtail their lists. But practical expediency must never be accepted as a substitute for public policy. Whenever that occurs—particularly whenever religious or social differences are injected into the discussion—the consequences are injurious to community good-will and to scholastic peace. For these reasons The Commonweal, which may fairly claim to have worked on many occasions for better understanding between the groups which constitute America, strongly urges the New York City Board of Eudcation to consider favorably the amendment above proposed. The matter is particularly significant because the metropolis is, in so many ways, accepted by the nation at large as a source of community experiment and example. To leave in the dark a situation of the kind created by the ban placed upon the Hayes-Moon book is to leave unexplained an event which many people have accepted as evidence of prejudice and educational short-sightedness.

Hibernia Crescens

A HEARTENING interlude in the story, common on both sides of the Atlantic, of industrial curtailment and economic depression, is found in the Herald Tribune's studies of the Irish Free State. During President Cosgrave's visit to this country, The Commonweal published an interview with him of which the optimistic tone aroused a good deal of comment. It would appear from the observations of the Herald Tribune's investigator, Mr. Edward F. Roberts, that the confidence of the President was not merely professional, but amply and scientifically founded. Mr. Roberts has spent the last year abroad, and the last quarter of it in Ireland, and it is his conclusion that Ireland is at present the most hopeful spot in Europe. He is careful to qualify his statement. He notes the continuing economic problem on the west coast, where the limitation of the resources to fishing, and the lack of transportation for that, have created an age-long poverty with which the present has not yet learned to deal; and he notes, too, the slackness in the linen and ship-building industries of the six counties of the north. But when these deduc-

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tions are made, he insists, the march toward prosperity must be admitted to be extraordinary. It has two causes: the agricultural revival, and the government's promotion of new industries.

OUR understanding of the first must depend upon revising our ideas of farm holdings. The 100,000 tenants who have become proprietors since 1923 do not own hundreds of acres apiece. But they do now own their average of thirty acres or thereabouts, and are being taught by the Dublin faculty of agricultural science and the Cork and Galway faculties of dairy science to make them pay. Rigorous legislation has restored the quality of Irish dairy and meat products to its former famous standard—a fact recorded in the large immediate increase in exports; breeding laws have replaced the live stock at the top of the British cattle market. The industrial expansion centers mainly in the long-debated electrification of the Shannon river. It is already working at half power. When completed, it is expected to assimilate the various private power companies now operating in Ireland, and to modernize the remotest districts with electric light. The factories, too, are flourishing. There are, besides the tremendous sugar-beet plant at Carlow, more than a hundred small new factories, backed by a trades' loan guarantee, and fostered by a tariff that even our protective experts would regard with respect. The summary and crown of all this vigorous economic growth is the decline of taxes. This is the ineluctable fact with which Mr. Cosgrave not only convinces the admiring outsider of the soundness of his policies, but stands in a fair way to sell those policies entire to the Irish Unionists themselves.

EITHER the campaign to restore Chicago's moral credit is producing positive results, or the absence of Mr. Capone has disintegrated the gunmen. Certainly the latest holdup story, vouched for by the New York Times, has more points in common with the old fireside favorite, Editha's Burglar, than with the recent machine-gun school of fact and fiction. Two armed men stopped a wealthy and well-known gentleman and the lady whom he was escorting home from the theatre, and began by demanding the lady's money and jewels. The gentleman gallantly protested, and suggested that they take instead "his diamond ring worth $2,400, a costly wrist watch, a jade pin and $100 in bills." They closed with the offer, and though one of them was weak enough afterward to snatch the lady's purse, he shamefacedly restored it upon the gentleman's reproaching him with breaking his agreement. Whatever put it in train, it was a clear and complete triumph of the ideal over the natural, and as such will lead a variety of people to say, according to their different tastes, that O. Henry—or Oscar Wilde, or Plato, or Professor Babbitt—was right. But there will probably be general agreement that no outlander can ever hope to understand Chicago.

Is Chicago Changing?

THE booksellers of America have just completed one of the most eventful meetings in recent publishing history. They had wearily been discussing all the dark problems of a sick industry, when suddenly four publishers, three fairly new and one older firm, announced independently that they intended to reduce the price of novels from $2.50 to $1.00. Within a day or so the other houses held conferences, their managers issued statements, and the American book-buying public was faced with two hostile parties in the business—the $2.50 publishers and the $1.00 publishers. All of this affects definitely only a fraction of published books, textbooks, technical works and general non-fiction not being included in the change. Novel readers, especially detective-novel readers, are delighted. Never have they been offered such a bargain. Even when they paid only $1.00 for thrillers, before the war, they paid two to three times as much in value as they will have to pay now. But it is very doubtful whether such sensational price-cutting is wise. Substantially all it does is to treble the marginal sale necessary for profitable publishing; is there any reason to suppose that one can treble the sale of any book in America merely by lowering its price? It seems exceedingly doubtful. And if the present sale of popular fiction cannot be trebled, everyone will be worse off than ever—authors getting less royalties, publishers nearer bankruptcy, booksellers definitely obliged to become grocers or night-lunch proprietors. The whole gesture will test further the application of mass production to an industry to which it has never proved fitted, except for standard reference and religious books. It looks like another attempt to play what one New York publisher calls "the old Hindu game—you sell all your units at a loss, but you sell so many units that you make a profit!"

Dollar Novels

OUR latest compatriot to lecture us on our deficiencies is Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Mrs. Gerould is probably right in calling Americans (as she does in the current Harper's) more sentimental than Europeans, less patient, less seasoned mentally and only in a material sense kinder. All the others who have preceded her in this field are probably right too: Europeans beyond doubt do find large numbers of us naive and blatant and ill-mannered. No one, indeed, could seriously question it by this time. But speaking as confirmed readers of periodical literature, we timidly express the wish that a week might occasionally pass without our being told so. It is no valid objection that all this truth-telling is wearying—though it is wearying; but piled on in the way that has latterly become popular, it is ineffective as well. Any pedagogue knows that a criticism too often repeated destroys its own purpose. These ever more numerous sallies of our social critics into the old world, these punctual committings to print of all the

A Truce to Criticism

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painful things they learn there about the American tourist, have a steadily lessening effect. And this is a pity, because there is no lessening in our need to learn what they can teach us. We plead for a moratorium of a few months, to restore them to par.

O! To Be a Senator!

OCCASIONALLY poor Mr. Average Citizen has real cause for envying his political masters. The public in general has tamely submitted to the maddening dial telephones; what else could it do? Just like Senator Glass, each of us has objected "to being transformed into one of the employees of the telephone company without compensation." We can all sympathize with the righteous indignation so well described by Senator Ashurst: "The Congressional Record would not be mailable if it contained in print what Senators think of the dial telephone system." But it pays to be a statesman. One has only to pass a resolution directing the sergeant-at-arms to remove the dratted things, and the telephone company is forced to swallow its pride in humble acceptance of the edict. There is many an American citizen who would give a great deal to have the use, even for five minutes, of a good, husky sergeant-at-arms!

China Warms Up

HOW many people were killed last week in China is a question no one can answer—one hears of fifteen thousand here, of twenty thousand there, of thirty thousand somewhere else. These figures are of course exaggerated, but there has been terrible slaughter. The net result is that Nanking seems a little better off than it was a few weeks ago. The northern generals are in retreat, although the Communists and bandits have the field to themselves in southern territory, because of the absence of Chiang Kai-shek's army at present concentrating its attention on Peking. Hankow, at last reports, was under martial law. The interesting question is who supplies the munitions for all this killing. Is America or England or Germany making the inevitable blood-money? Even if international war is done away with, it looks as though the munitions makers could always count on an active Chinese market.

Money for Education

TWO Catholic educational institutions are making strong pleas for contributions. Villanova College, long known for its Augustinian traditions, is seeking an endowment, part of which is to be set aside for a somewhat novel purpose. The Franklin Fund, as this portion is to be named, will be used to aid needy students. Loans will be granted these with the understanding that repayment is to be made on the instalment plan after graduation. Such a plan has many virtues. Educational requirements have increased so greatly that the old system of working one's way through school is no longer feasible for many. Meanwhile Saint Bonaventure's College, possibly the best-known Franciscan college in the United States, is seeking to recover from the effects of a disastrous fire which virtually destroyed its plant. Considerable money is needed if Saint Bonaventure's is to resemble, in any notable manner, the familiar phoenix. It is to be hoped that generous donors in sufficient number can be found. One shares the earnestness of the educational builders and trusts that they will triumph, magna cum laude, over the well-known difficulties involved.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES AGAIN

PROPHECY and fable have both stressed the lying down of the lion and the lamp. Ordinarily, however, such happy concord is difficult to find. It is not a thing you can legislate into being, nor will it spring to life in response to a bland smile. Mutual respect and friendliness are especially difficult where religious separations exist. We Americans, fortunate in a state which respects the conscience of every citizen, may easily forget that it is the essence of all creeds to sense within themselves the virility of divinely given truth, none of which may be squandered or bartered away. The only question which really matters is the legitimacy of these rival claims—a question which the average modern person, enmeshed in traditions, philosophies, inherited prejudices and moral attitudes, finds very hard to answer. Nor is it possible, in an age which has so largely substituted inquiry for authority, to expect any mass drift away from old habits of belief to new ones. The function of the religious teacher in our time is chiefly to manifest, in himself and the institution to which he belongs, the presence of virtues which arouse the awe and allegiance of others.

None of these virtues is now more highly respected than upright charity. By this is meant something more than tolerance (which is wishy-washy and frequently condescending) and something more, too, than regard for the civil rights of others (a matter normally exacted by the law). What it means is insight into the wholeness of life—of one's own slight individual merit, of the mystery of God's purpose in the world as a whole, and of the inviolability of other men's spiritual experiences. Expressed practically this charity permits of no untruth regarding differing views of life, demands veneration for what is good in each of them, calls for an almost passionate willingness to rest the issue upon the divine desire so that no meanness of one's own will betray the truth. In the realm of workaday religious faith, it means abhorrence of any malignant gossip about others and endeavor to see that unfairness of every kind is rooted out. Here is a vast domain of human conduct wherein the devil cannot be fought with his own fire. Grant that another is arrogant, vicious and deliberately venal in his attitude toward the Church. The fact remains that one's duty is not to imitate him but to follow the Lord Jesus.

It may be that conferences recently held to discuss

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religious prejudices prevalent among Catholics, Protestants and Jews have been actuated by less exalted views than these. Possibly they have enlisted the interest of those whose awareness of discrimination in the social, political and economic worlds leads them to fear for the safety of the community and the future. The fact nevertheless remains that the true justification for this kind of coöperation must be sought in higher ground. We think it was in the case of the recent seminar held in St. Louis, Missouri, on May 14 and 15. At all events this seems definitely one of the most interesting meetings of the kind yet held.

To begin with, the publicity work was admirably handled. If discussions of this character are to do much good, they must be made to seem not out-of-the-way meetings attended by a few curious people but "community enterprises" of general interest. The mere fact that representatives of differing faiths join in exposing prejudice can be of tremendous value if properly advertised. At least some citizen in remoter parts must, reading accounts of priests consorting with ministers, arrive at the conclusion that the tails and hoofs of Rome are less evident than has been imagined. The St. Louis papers handled the story remarkably well, and the committee did its part by arranging for speakers of distinction and (we suppose) instigating a congratulatory telegram from President Hoover. Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr's address was, perhaps, the most distinguished single event, rivaling in sanity and breadth the memorable remarks delivered by President Lowell, of Harvard, at the Boston Calvert Round Table meeting. Such speaking emphasizes what is persuasive in Americanism—the right to hold convictions and the right to be respected while holding them.

The debate differed in several important particulars from that witnessed at previous seminars. We think incidentally that the practice hitherto adopted—of listing rather than examining "sources of conflict"—will have to be modified now because its usefulness has been exhausted. Far more helpful, it would seem, is the isolation of one or two well-known "grievances" regarding which people could then express their opinions. At St. Louis there was comparatively little concern with the church and state issue—either the "foreign domination" of the Papacy or the "alien outlook" of other creeds. Proselytizing and education came to the fore, with Jewish speakers most in evidence. The chief secondary issue seemed to be the content of what is called "liberal Protestantism." Whether or not this contained a core of genuinely positive belief was proposed for discussion, but of course not threshed out.

Proselytizing has always been a source of bitterness. Caesar's Rome was alarmed at the apostolate of the early Christians and did everything in its power to eradicate the appeal of the martyrs. Preaching the Gospel to others is so manifestly the practical conclusion arrived at in the New Testament that fidelity to this mandate is one of the first signs of a living Church. But how shall the work of making disciples be conducted? Jewish speakers, led by Rabbi Stephen Wise, sponsored the belief that since the Jew is homeless outside Jewry he should be left "in his own household." This seems to us a little extreme. Everyone will grant that "conversions" of Jews, as dictated in the past by social or financial advantages, have seldom meant a great deal. Nevertheless the plain fact of the matter is that large numbers of men and women whose ancestors obeyed the Hebraic law have lately given up their allegiance to live without religion, agnostically and detached. If Rabbi Wise believes in his principle that Jewry is the "background of Christianity," he ought (we think) to welcome even proselytizing as a substitute for complete apostasy. But of course there are many methods of preaching, some of them objectionable indeed. Protest against the last is entirely legitimate—as Catholics realize from the history of efforts to evangelize Italian or Mexican immigrants.

The religious content of education and the theory of the public school both came in for considerable discussion. It is an exceedingly difficult topic to handle in open debate. On the one hand there exists a tendency to consider the educational map of the United States as fixed and sacrosanct—and to regard the public school as the world's greatest recipe for Utopia. On the other hand, Catholics are widely suspected of yearning to tear this map to shreds, for reasons peculiar to their subtle selves. Nobody stresses the circumstance that educational methods are necessarily always experiments—that nobody knows how America will finally decide to train its youth for manhood. Strangely enough, Jewish speakers emerged at St. Louis as the strongest champions of the public school, presumably because they placed a high estimate on its value as a socializing agent. One rabbi went so far as to say that if parents desired further religious instruction for their children, this should be given at home! This view is understandable enough in its proponent, but it is a little difficult to see how anybody else can have been expected to swallow it.

And the result? With each succeeding conference, it is clearer that religious groups existing in the United States face no likelihood of pooling their views. The dividing lines emerge, clear-cut and firm. Glib talkers may ignore these and bring on another barrel or two of soft soap. Realistic citizens will, however, recognize three possibilities all of which are worth attempting to follow out: understanding that such spiritual convictions as are held in common form some of the most notable treasures of mankind; willingness to admit that religious societies dwelling side by side in the same community must not trespass on ground lawfully occupied by others; and the development of courtesy as something wholly compatible with sincerity and even argument. Stupidities will disappear with time. There is little enough need for worry about legends of papal armament or innate Protestant malice. But the solid verities of charity and knowledge can only be fostered by courageous spirits willing to work hard.

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THE LAYMAN IN THE CHURCH

BY VIRGIL MICHEL

FOREMOST among the signs of renewing life in all Catholic countries are the phenomena that go by the name of the Liturgical Movement (or liturgical apostolate) and Catholic Action (or lay apostolate). Both of these are specially significant in our day because they both tend toward a unification, but not centralization, of life in the Church. Their scope embraces all the members of the Church as so many active sharers in the organic activity that is the life of the Church. For this reason the renewal of life is of utmost significance for the Catholic layman.

Any sort of renewal, in the Church or elsewhere, implies a change of some kind. But can we properly speak of change in the Church? Certainly not, if we mean a change of doctrine. Yet there can be a change of emphasis, of popular emphasis on various doctrines; and such a change may be of considerable influence on the inspiration for life derived out of one's understanding of the Catholic scheme of life. Something of this kind is occurring in the Church today under the leadership of recent Popes. Its import will be better understood in the light of historical developments.

The Protestants of the religious revolt stressed the priesthood of the Christian people, quoting Saint Peter in order to justify their abolition of the ordained ministry in the Church. The Catholics in turn stressed all the more the divine institution of an ordained priesthood as the depository of the priestly mediatorship of Christ. But they were also inclined to omit mention of the general priesthood of the faithful. Many Catholics, in fact, seemed to have forgotten it altogether. And when up to recent years some Catholics spoke of this general priesthood of all the members of the Church, they were almost accused of Protestantism!

The Protestant revolt was a revolt against the teaching and guiding powers of the Church. Over against this dogmatic and disciplinary break-off, the Catholic Church naturally emphasized her rightful possession of the teaching and guiding offices of Christ. Because of the many misrepresentations of Christian truth and life by the "reformers," the subsequent time became one of emphasis on dogmatic definitions and disciplinary regulations. The supreme need of activity in these two fields meant that attention was less concentrated on a better understanding of the other and greater office of the Church, her sanctifying power. As a result, it became almost an inherited attitude to emphasize rather the minimum requirements of what must be believed and what must be done in order to come in contact with the sacramental life of the Church, than to bring out more definitely the inspirational richness of meaning contained in that sacramental life.

But the grace of God continued to stir unto greater life. With this stirring is naturally connected a growing understanding and increasing zeal. Such is the stage at which we had arrived, after centuries of effort, when the clarion calls of papal pronouncements declared the time ripe and the need urgent for a greater renewal in Christ, for inaugurating a greater reign of the Kingship of Christ in the hearts of men.

When the ideas of the Liturgical Movement were first sown abroad, many of the clergy and laity shook their heads at the proposal of lay participation in public worship of the Church. Had not the tradition of centuries confirmed the habit of private recitation of prayers by the laity at public functions, even at Mass —of prayers that had no inner connection with the official services of the Church?

Yet what an awakening it was, when a mere glance at the unknown prayers recited by the priest at Mass pointed to the people as coöfferers with the ordained priest and official delegates of the Church! What a new meaning in the action of the priest as he turns about and asks those present to pray " that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God!" Or again, when he prays in the Canon for "all here present . . . on whose behalf we offer unto Thee, and who themselves offer unto Thee this sacrifice of praise for themselves and all who are theirs."

It is not that these things had been really unknown. "Sacramenta propter homines" is a proverb among us. We simply did not advert to the fuller value of the old truths we have always known. Yet we were ready to comprehend better when Pius XI exhorted in his Apostolic Constitution ("Divini cultus sanctitatem"):

> It is quite necessary that the faithful, not as visitors or mute spectators, but as worshipers thoroughly imbued with the beauty of the liturgy, should take part in the sacred ceremonies. . . .

And we understood almost as with a new light, when the Holy Father so emphatically mentioned the priesthood of the people and their right to offer with the celebrating priest (Encyclical Miserentissimus Redemptor). We were ready to understand better. And therewith came more light on many points that the early Christians, the Church Fathers, theologians and councils had always taught.

The catechumens in early Christianity were dismissed when the sacrifice proper, the Mass of the Faithful as it is significantly called, commenced. The catechumens were not yet baptized; they could not offer up the holy sacrifice with the priest as could the faithful, and as all present at the sacrifice should do and did in early times. Why could they not do so? Because they did not have that share in Christ which every baptized Christian officially has.

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Baptism for the early Christians, as for us, means much more than a forgiveness of sin, or the performance of a ceremonial rite that gives title to a future eternal life on the fulfilment of certain precepts. It is an engrafting of a human branch on the living Vine, Christ. It is initiation into membership of the mystic body, of that living spiritual organism of which Christ Himself is the Head. It means, as the baptismal rite phrases it, "to have part with Christ," and to have part here and now. It means being a living temple of the Holy Ghost, of the Spirit of Christ; a participator in the priesthood of Christ—not a full and unlimited participator, yet a participator in the whole Christ.

The sacramental character received by all in Baptism is but vaguely defined in many of our books. Saint Thomas calls it a participation in the priesthood of Christ. It is a participation by which the faithful have not only the duty but the high privilege in their own right of a share in the sacramental life of the Church, particularly the right of actively entering into the sacrificial offering as enacted by the Church.

For the Church is not made up of those who do only the giving on the one hand, and those who do only the receiving on the other. The Church is the mystic body of Christ in which all members live the life of Christ, in which all members have a share in the whole Christ, though in different degrees. As Christ is the Way and the Truth and the Life, King and Teacher and Priest, so is every member, as an "other Christ," in some degree king, teacher and priest unto himself and unto others. And so, through the character of holy orders, are the ordained ministers of the Church in a special degree possessors of Christ under this threefold aspect. Through the full share in Christ conferred in the sacramental character of holy orders, they are empowered to enact the official life of the Church primarily through their sacramental ministrations to others. The lay faithful share in these ministrations, as coöfferers and covictims in the holy sacrifice, and as recipients in the sacraments, but even here with a part of their own to perform.

There is a sublime spiritual reality contained in this active sharing of all members in the life of Christ. And a sublimely stirring inspiration breathes in the true conception thus had of the part every faithful member has above all in the Christian sacrifice. The layman is not to be a "mere visitor or mute spectator" in the worship of the Church. He has a rightful part in it.

Similarly, the early Christians were known for the fraternal love they bore toward one another, in fact, toward all mankind. It was anything but a dead theory for them. Their lives breathed forth this atmosphere of charity in Christ, so that the very example of their lives was not only an indication of their being Christians; to those who could understand, it was also an inspiring sermon of the impelling truth of the Christian ideal. Their everyday careers were but a further unfolding of what they did in their eucharistic gatherings. It was here they gave themselves over most intensely to the Christ in Whose sacrificial worship they knew so well how to take their part.

They ranged close around the officiating priests and the altar, so that our present Mass prayers and rubrical prescriptions still use the word "circumstantes," those standing around the altar. They shared in the dialogue parts of the Mass now recited by server or sung by general choirs. Above all they offered, each his own specific gift, at the Offertory, the beginning of the Mass of the Faithful. It was an action by which they gave themselves to God, and in which they were fully conscious of the meaning of Christ's words about not bringing a gift to the altar without complete reconciliation and peace with one's brethren. Their offering was an open sign of such reconciliation and charity, for most of their gifts, far too numerous to be used only for the sacrifice in question, were destined also for the relief of the needy and poor. Their very act of worship was an act also of fraternal help; or rather their action in favor of their brethren was made part and parcel of their act of divine worship, of giving themselves to God.

Placing their gifts on the altar was only the beginning of their communion with God. In the gifts they saw themselves; in the offering of them, the offering of their whole selves to the service of God. In the Consecration they saw enacted their mystic union with Christ and His redemptive act, and in the sacramental Communion their fuller participation in the whole being and life of Christ. Thereafter they could not but go out into the day breathing everywhere the inspiration of Christ.

Thus the active rôle the layman has in the sacrificial worship should also ever be the inspiration for active life in Christ throughout the day. This sublime and fundamental truth has not always received the full emphasis it deserves among us. But there are also other points that have suffered from a similar neglect.

We have mentioned the sacramental character of baptism as a first participation in the priesthood of Christ. The teaching of the Summa Theologica of Saint Thomas was emphatic on this point. But the Angelic Doctor also pointed out the analogous case of the character conferred in confirmation. There the Christian receives a further participation in the priesthood of Christ, which makes him "quasi ex officio" a defender, in all charity, of the truths of Christ against the attacks of the world about him. He is now a soldier of Christ in the sense in which the Apostles and early Christians were also soldiers. To him the word of Saint James now applies in a special way: "Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only." It has become his special profession as a confirmed Catholic to let the light of Christ in him shine before the world.

All this follows naturally from the status of Christians as participators in the undivided Christ, from their being other Christs. Each in his own degree, all Christians have share in Christ as Priest, King and Prophet. There is nothing farther from the Catholic

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conception than that the ordinary Catholic be only a blind follower or an unintelligent believer in the Church. The rite of baptism, with its repeated significant questionings, shows the contrary. In the very confessional itself—the stock example of blind submission according to non-Catholic attacks—the penitent must not only make his own personal examination and acts of sorrow and resolution; even ordinarily the priest's judgment is dependent on the state of mind of the penitent as the penitent himself has judged and declared it to be. Far from having merely a negative attitude, the Catholic must ever exercise guidance over himself and seek to inform himself as to the grounds of his belief. It is a general exercise of Christ's office of King and Prophet in regard to his own self, just as his private prayer and his participation in the public worship are an exercise of his part in the Priesthood of Christ.

Not only must the average layman exercise these powers in regard to himself, he must also, in his own degree, exercise them toward his fellow-men. For, to repeat, all members share in the whole of Christ insofar as they are living members of the mystic body of which He is the Head. Yet the members share in different degrees according to the sacramental character they have received. In the Church, as opposed to the exaggerated individualism of past and present, all members are spiritually welded together into one living organism and find their full life in promoting the life of the whole. Yet, as opposed to the exaggerated socialism of present and future, each member retains his individuality and his personal responsibility for the promotion of the life of Christ in himself and in present and prospective fellow-members. He is ever personally a lay apostle.

That brings us more directly to Catholic Action. Of that again, or of lay apostleship, there are different degrees and forms. As the term Catholic Action is understood in the stricter sense, it refers to lay cooperation with the hierarchy in the wider fields of labor that the Church has ever exercised, and that are enumerated comprehensively in the spiritual and the corporal works of mercy.

These works have ever been a part of the entire program of the Church's life. They are eminently a part of the work Christ did here on earth. And they are done in the fullest imitation of Christ when done by Catholic societies; that is, such as are officially Catholic and perform their apostolic work under auspices of existing Church organizations. They are the apostolic societies centering in the parishes, or in the dioceses. Or they may be nationally organized under the hierarchy, like the N. C. W. C., or again internationally under some appointed directorship.

While this seems to be the scope of Catholic Action in the stricter sense of the word, it by no means limits the apostolic efforts and opportunities of the Catholic layman. As distinct from the above societies there is further room for apostolic work by organizations not directly connected with specific centres of Church organizations. If rightly entered upon, they may be one of the most effective forms of lay apostleship. The possibilities are endless, and not without many precedents.

Lay apostleship goes still farther because the member of the Church never ceases to be an individual member. Each individual by himself can exercise various kinds of apostleship among those with whom he comes in contact. First of all he can be to them a sign of the Way and the Truth and the Life that is Christ by the very example of his general conduct, his personal actions and his actions toward all those with whom he has any contact. Then he can exercise his apostleship by opportunely answering questions, discussing problems in the light of Catholic truth, or, on occasion, by correcting prevalent false impressions. The latter field by itself is large and admits of many degrees. All the wide field of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy presents opportunities also for individual Catholic Action.

But in all cases, his apostolic activities must be rooted in and supported by the sermon he ever preaches through the detailed example of his own life. This sermon in turn depends on his drinking of the Spirit of Christ at its primary and indispensable source, his active participation, with intelligent mind and willing heart, "in the most sacred mysteries and in public and solemn worship of the Church."

Thus in the Christian renewal of our own day, every member of Christ has his active part to play, a part that derives directly from his position in the organic fellowship of souls in Christ that is the Church. It goes without saying that the spirit of the work must be the spirit of unity expressed in the two great commandments of the love of God and of neighbor, neither of which is complete without the other, while both together give the whole spirit of Christ. If in past centuries men of the Church failed in this charity, as did all the world of the time, it was a temporal manifestation of what is human in the Church. Now the time seems to have come for a greater manifestation of that which is eternal in her. And it is the rôle of each member of the Church, not only to let the grace in him develop unto greater growth, but to coöperate more directly and more consciously in the great work of the renewal of all things in Christ our King.

Cheirograph

Caesar's hand was delicate,
Raleigh's hands were white,
Cromwell had a heavy hand,
And Fagin's hands were light;

Pilate—he had clean hands,
Judas's were cursed,
The soldiers' hands were calloused—
But Christ's hands were pierced.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

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UNNATURAL NATURALIZATION

By STOYAN CHRISTOWE

That some aspects of naturalization continue to worry whole sections of public opinion is evident from such proposed legislation as the Blease bill, designed to promote the registration of aliens. In the following paper another approach to the question is afforded. Mr. Christowe discusses the motives which prompt a newcomer to betake himself speedily to the courts. In some instances this by no means disinterested haste has caused judges to doubt the fitness of given applicants. Mr. Christowe advocates moderation and good sense, offering at the same time no little comment on the immigrant.—The Editors.

THE laws restricting immigration have sent to the naturalization courts many immigrants who never dreamed of becoming American citizens. The naturalized American, like the native, can leave the United States as many times as he wishes and return whenever he wishes without even knowing that there is such a thing as a quota. If he is married and his wife is the subject of a foreign nation (prior to September, 1922, an immigrant's wife became an American citizen automatically with her husband's naturalization—since then she must procure her citizenship independently of her husband and until then, whether in this country or outside of it, she must remain the subject of a foreign power) he can bring her to the United States as a non-quota immigrant, as he can also his unmarried children under eighteen years of age. Should he desire to bring his parents, they can be placed on the quota-preference list and their coming greatly facilitated. A non-citizen resident can bring no relative as non-quota immigrants and himself can go abroad only for a year.

It seems, therefore, no longer necessary to have Americanization agencies and societies engaged in preparing aliens for citizenship and urging them to get their papers. Of their own accord they now learn the answers to the questions that are usually propounded by the naturalization examiners, and ergo, the foreigner is no longer a foreigner. He puts his paper in his inside coat pocket, conscious of its magic powers, takes his witnesses to lunch and deems himself qualified to appear as witness for any friend and recommend him for the same privileges. This process goes on endlessly and the naturalization bureaus throughout the country are so overcrowded with work that where before one could file application for the second paper and within six months come into possession of it, he must now wait nearly six months to be called with his witnesses for the preliminary examination and then another six months to appear before the court that grants him his certificate of citizenship.

That the whole trend is not an indication of a growing admiration for American institutions on the part of the would-be citizens but rather an eagerness to avail themselves of the privileges and advantages which citizenship confers has justly been suspected by naturalization authorities. This seems all the more plausible when one reflects that of the quarter million immigrants who obtained naturalization rights during the last fiscal year more than one-half were Slavs and dusky southeastern Europeans, aliens who have not been noted for their attachment to American principles, and nationals of countries whose quotas are small and whose only chances of bringing their relatives to this country are by becoming citizens.

Some naturalization courts hold that if an immigrant's motive in becoming a citizen is merely to bring his wife and children here citizenship should be denied him. Secretary Davis admits that "there have been instances in which courts have refused to confer citizenship because applicants stated that they desired it in order to facilitate the coming of their wives and children." The Secretary further comments that the motive is a commendable one but adds that it is "a matter of regret when American citizenship is sought for that reason alone."

The naturalization law itself has nothing to say on this point. Aside from the legal and educational requirements which it prescribes, it stipulates that the candidate for citizenship should be "attached to the principles of the constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same."

On the other hand there are naturalization courts which refuse citizenship to an alien who cannot show satisfactorily that he will bring his wife and children to this country. This is done on the assumption that if the candidate has no intention of bringing his wife and children to America he has no intention of residing permanently in it. And intention of permanent residence in the United States is one of the basic requirements of the naturalization law. Other judges flatly deny the petition for citizenship to any alien who has not already brought his wife to this country.

Thus the applicant with a family in the old country finds himself in a dilemma. The only hope for him then, in view of the fact that his wife cannot come as a non-quota immigrant until he becomes a citizen, and he cannot become a citizen until he can convince the court that he intends to bring his wife to this country, is for him to wait until his wife can come as a quota immigrant. But in view of the negligible quotas for some countries and of the preference given to parents and other relatives of American citizens this is an utterly bare hope. The Bulgarian quota for example is 100 for the year. At the United States consulate in Sofia there are registered 7,000 applicants for visas to America. Classifying one-third of this number as non-quota immigrants, such for instance as the wives

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and unmarried children under eighteen years of age of American citizens, there are enough to have established priority for at least fifty years to come. And if the petitioner waits not fifty but five years for his family to come here and then to become a citizen other complications will arise. Some states, for example, require foreigners holding real property in the state to become citizens within a specified number of years after acquiring title to the property.

Denying citizenship rights to a petitioner who openly declares in court that his aim in seeking these rights is to expedite the coming of his family to America seems to me unjust. I myself am a naturalized citizen. I have been for years, and I am convinced that the predominant motives in acquiring American allegiance are selfish ones. Had there been no advantages offered by American citizenship I doubt that I would have been anxious to become one. There is no reason for hiding the fact. An alien who has the honesty to reveal to the court his chief motive for seeking American citizenship is worthier of it than the one who simulates some sort of sympathy with and attachment to American traditions and institutions. A recognition of this fact is no crime and should not be a deterrent in conferring the desired citizenship. Furthermore, selfish motives in themselves do not preclude sympathy with American institutions and admiration for them. An applicant's motive may be a selfish one and still he may be as attached to our institutions as another who is prompted solely by unselfish motives. I would not even venture to predict which one of the two would make the better citizen.

It seems to me the court's chief duty is to inquire into the applicant's fitness for citizenship, his sanity, his moral qualifications, his readiness to assume the responsibility which citizenship imposes, and to ascertain whether he has fulfilled legal and educational requirements. The judge is granting the alien the mere right to be an American citizen; he is not baptizing him into some sort of faith. Moreover, Americanism, like any nationalism, is an impalpable and elusive thing. If the judge believes that granting the alien his second paper makes of him an American he is mistaken. It makes him an American citizen, to be sure, but making him an American is quite another matter. Naturalization does not presuppose Americanization. The latter may come either before or after it. In either case, Americanization is a process which involves a remaking, a reshaping, a kind of mental and spiritual metamorphosis effected with no tricks of magic but with genuine suffering.

The best Americans are made of those immigrants who come to our shores at an early age and who go through our public schools and colleges. In the public school the immigrant youth is not only learning civics, history, geography, but playing, competing and fighting with native school-mates and thus subconsciously saturating himself with Americanism. He is deeply offended if his comrades make even a remote allusion to his foreign birth. In an effort to dispel any possible suspicion of foreign sympathies or attachments he is always ready to avow his Americanism more passionately than his American-born playmates, concerning whose loyalty and allegiance no such suspicion could be harbored.

The influence exerted by the American college is not given due appreciation by those interested in the assimilation of thir foreign-born brothers. Many young immigrants paying their way through college unknowingly pay their way through Americanization. And here I might point out that nearly all the scholarships available in the colleges and universities are restricted to American citizens. The funds expended in maintaining diverse and useless Americanization agencies could be used to better advantage if they were applied to scholarships for ambitious and worthy young men of foreign birth.

Americanizing the immigrant who arrives at an age beyond that of high school and college is very difficult. It is my belief that the greatest drawback to assimilation is the colonization of the foreigners in the United States. Immigrants travel miles to come together and form homogeneous colonies. Life in the old country was intimate and social; here they are cast into immense whirlpools of humanity and find themselves lonely. In the colonies they quench their craving for social contact without rubbing shoulders with native Americans. Every large American city has its little Italy, Poland, Balkania. We find little states within the states, cities within the cities, sometimes so powerful and so at odds with the prevalent spirit as to form an engaging social or political problem. The immigrants in these colonies read newspapers in their own languages, go to their own churches, observe their own national holidays and oftentimes send their children to their own schools to be taught in their native tongues. They drink Turkish coffee and Greek tea in their quaint, smelly coffee houses, satisfy their palates with spicy, old-country dishes and talk about the glories of their native lands, totally indifferent to the bustle and chatter of American enterprise that surrounds them. Everything is foreign to them and they are foreign to everything in the country where they reside. If they ever speak about this country it is to deride it, to point out its lack of art, its backwardness in everything cultural, not forgetting to add with pomp and expansion of the chest that whatever art and culture there is here thrives upon exotic soil.

And when from such surroundings a foreigner finally undertakes the eventful journey to the naturalization court he is doing a courageous thing and he is making his first stride toward the America that he has been missing. His motives, however selfish, cannot be dangerous to the American commonwealth. Denying him citizenship because it is obvious to the court that his motives are selfish seems to me an error. It will solve neither his own problem nor that of the United States with relation to him.

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Places and Persons

A SIBERIAN VILLAGE

By WALTER R. HUDSON

A GREAT pack of Siberian sled dogs met us as we came in sight of the village. Great, gaunt, long-bodied beasts they were, with deep-set eyes and dripping fangs. Their leader was a huge grey brute with sharp, lean ribs and a drab coat that was the color of the dawn.

My companion fired his revolver into the air. The report did not stop the attack, but it did bring swarming over the river bank a crowd of fur-clad, squatty natives who shouted and clubbed and made the snow fly in every direction until they had driven their pack snarling and whining back toward the village. Our own dogs lay whimpering in the snow, their harness cut and tangled.

Such was our welcome to Kigiloff, a Siberian town that had once been one of the czar's great frontier outposts but that was now only a little cluster of log huts nestled snugly among great drifts of snow that had been swirled up from the river. The town lay almost buried in this snow—in great hills of it that reached up and almost hid even the spirals of smoke mounting from every chimney and curling into the clear sky. And back of the village, as far as one could see, there stretched a sombre ridge of white mountains that ran on and on in one unbroken chain until they reached the Arctic coast. There was nothing to relieve the eye in the entire scene except a virgin forest of snow-covered spruce, birch and tamarack that went up to meet the forbidding, white-capped mountains.

You can be certain that the little town did not look very inviting to us but it was beastly cold and geologists who have been prospecting for seven months in the Viliusk Mountains are not likely to be any too fastidious about shelter. Furthermore, we knew that the next village was at least eighty miles farther east and it would have been impossible to travel even half that distance when our dogs were in the condition they were in at that time. So we descended upon the little town and prepared to accept whatever hospitality it might offer us. At least we knew that we could expect food, shelter, and a chance to rest our dogs. Then, too, there was always the chance that we might hear of mineral deposits which would interest us.

My companion and I were taken by the swarm of natives first to the home of the native trapper with whom we were to stay during our visit in the village. Then, after a few gulps of very ill-tasting tea and two or three hunks of black rye bread, both of us set out in search of the town barber. This worthy happened to be also the owner of the local saw mill but fifty kopeks proved enough to make him abandon the lumber industry of the little hamlet. The whipsaw which he was filing (it had been hauled 500 miles over the snow from Irkutsk) was laid aside and, while his assistant sat drinking vodka, the native cut our hair. As far as the hair-cuts were concerned, he proved artist enough, for he managed to relieve us of the generous supply of spruce gum that had become entangled in our heads. He did this, of course, by removing most of the hair. But the shave proved another matter and despite his good intentions (these were apparent enough) Hall and I quickly saw the danger of having him apply the same method to our faces. His razor had been made from an old saw-file and having him scrape our faces with it proved so torturous that we prevailed upon him to let us finish the job ourselves.

After the shave, the "barber" told us that the town boasted of a bath-house, a relic of the more halcyon days when the little village had flourished under the czar as a distributing point for exiles. This was welcome news to us and we both resolved not to be too squeamish about the kind of bath-house it should turn out to be. As long as it held out even remotely the possibility of a white man's cleanliness—that was all we asked. Imagine, however, our disappointment when the Indians down in the centre of the village told us that the keeper was away on a hunting expedition and was not expected back for at least three days!

There was nothing to do about the matter except try to bribe some of the other natives to make the place ready for us. It cost us a ruble, but in less than an hour we were on our way to the bath-house with half the natives tracking at our heels.

On the sheltered side of this cabin a great log fire had been built for the purpose of heating to a cherry red the granite boulders that are used to heat the room. When they had finally become red hot they were shoveled onto the dirt floor of the cabin. Buckskin towels were given us with instructions to keep our faces covered as we lay in the wooden bunks built into the walls of the room. The heat from those rocks was terrific, breathing was difficult, and I was just beginning to think that I could stand it no longer when suddenly, bucket after bucket of ice cold water was thrown on the hot slabs. They actually seemed to snap and crack like the breaking of machinery. Ashes that had been clinging to the slabs now flew all over the room and made us realize only too well why we had been told to keep our faces covered with the towels. After the air had settled a bit we were given a very generous rubbing, first with lather and later with alcohol. That ended the bath.

That evening we sat down to supper with a family of sixteen, who lived together in this large, one-

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roomed cabin. Ventilation was furnished by a hole in the roof and this same hole was also supposed to serve as a window and as a chimney. But, actually, the only thing it did was keep out all fresh air and keep in all smoke. At least that was the way it seemed to Hall and to me as we stumbled about among the natives. They were wise enough to squat low down on the dirt floor, where the air was clearer.

It was not long before my friend and I had to follow their example. It was the only thing left us to do because there was no room to spare. The weather happened to be cold that night and so four Siberian ponies and at least a dozen sheep shared the great room with us. Every living thing that a Yakutsk owns is brought into the cabin at night except his dogs and he would bring them in also if it were not for the fact that they are bred too close to the wolf to make desirable roommates.

With the coming of bedtime, the family crawled up on the sleeping shelves which served as beds. There, the mother arranged all her children in a row and then climbed up herself to spend the next hour in trying to keep the younger ones quiet. Captain Hall and I were the guests and so they gave us the privilege of sleeping by ourselves on top of the large adobe oven. It was at least warm up there and we might have spent the night in comfort if the rough bricks had not bit into our ribs so. As it was we lay there for a very long time listening to the regular breathing of the natives and looking up through the hole in the roof at the clear night sky. Finally we fell into a sleep that was broken only occasionally by some of the children falling from the shelf and landing on the side of a horse or sheep. Their new positions they apparently found to be more comfortable than their old for they remained where they had fallen until morning.

We were awakened very early by the housewife and her daughters who were getting the young lambs out of the oven below us where they had been placed the night before for warmth and safety.

So Hall and I climbed down from the top of the thing and strode outside of the cabin where we greatly amused the Indians by washing our faces and hands in the snow. Then we all went in to breakfast. One by one the natives gave a low grunt and then squatted down very solemnly around a great copper cooking pot which had been set in the middle of the floor and which was filled with a curious stew of meat flavored with a very strong onion. We used the utensils of our kit but the natives themselves had nothing to eat with except sharp-pointed sticks and large wooden paddles. It was a noisy affair: the children rolled and played among the ponies and sheep, the lambs bleated an accompaniment to the dogs who were barking outside and, as we ate, the housewife kept stirring a kettle of tea that was boiling over the fire.

What tea that was! They use a very poor grade in the first place, but after the huge mattress-like sacks of it have been used for beds by drivers and camels in some caravan, after the same sacks have been stored in musty warehouses in Siberia, and have finally been shipped north by boat and then hauled over the snow by sled—after all this you can be quite certain that all semblance of the tea flavor has been lost. And then to make matters worse, the Yakutsk drops great lumps of bear fat into the mixture before he gulps it.

Neither did we enjoy overmuch the various uses to which the great tea ladle was put from time to time. First one of the children grabbed it and used it to cut his teeth upon. Then one of the lambs would be fed from its deep bowl. In addition to this, corporal punishment was inflicted upon the children with it several times during the course of the meal. And when I last saw it, it was on the snow where the dogs were fighting over choice bits of food that had stuck to its sides.

After breakfast we went outside. We were just in time to watch the approach of a traveling trader who was coming to visit the village. As a trader comes to the towns in those mountains but once a month, his coming is the biggest event in the life of the community. The natives look forward to it for days and when, finally, they hear through the clear, frosty air the jingle of his sleigh bells, the largest cabin has already been prepared for his reception. He arrives at last and pushes his way through a mob of excited children, unkempt, uncared for, dirty, ragged, but smiling and happy in their anticipation of the sweets they know he will have for them. The chief awaits the trader in his den and after the usual present of vodka, the trading begins.

To attend one of those trading sessions is an ordeal. It takes place in one of the cabins into which there has been crowded as many of the natives as possible. Smoke fills the entire room and the great fire in the centre of the floor makes the heat almost unbearable.

It is hard to say who knows the most about furs: the native who attempts to pass off his unprime pelts for first-grade skins, or the trader who has spent his life watching natives trying to do just that sort of thing. The result is that the air rings with the shouts of the natives and the remonstrances of the trader until even the patience of a well-seasoned auctioneer would be sorely tried.

One thing those traders can be sure of, that the best furs are never brought out for their inspection at all but are stored away against the coming of the smuggler from Mongolia who will stealthily drop into the village in the dead of some night. His sleigh will have no bells and he will glide into the town to unload as quickly as possible his store of tawdry jewelry, silk and opium. A quick exchange—fur for the smuggled goods—and the smuggler heads his team back to the south. One successful trip without any interference from the Russian soldiers, and this outlaw will live the rest of his life in the peace of some Chinese village. But he is taking his life in his hands for if he should be caught with the smuggled goods in his possession, he will be executed immediately.

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BASEBALL IN THE COLLEGES

By HERBERT REED

BASEBALL, "birthright of every American," as the late Father Henry Chadwick used to put it, gets a healthier start in the colleges this season than in many a long year. There has been a tendency recently to challenge its standing as the national game, and there can be no doubt that it has faced something of a battle for continued popularity, competing as it has been with golf, tennis and even lacrosse and soccer. For instance, at Harvard, the lacrosse squad outnumbers the baseball squad by a considerable majority, and at the rowing colleges the oarsmen, too, turn out in greater numbers than do the baseball players. But this year the college game is enjoying an unusually fine season.

There is a curious reason for this. The fact is that the notable revival of interest in the college game is due in part to a reaction from the overcommercialization of the professional game. The professional game has become one of a few individual home-run heroes, and while there is still as much appreciation as ever of the circuit drives of such established favorites as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and others, the fans have come to resent the rise of the newer crop of long-distance hitters, feeling as they do that short right-field fences at many of the parks have become too prominent as factors in this slugging.

In other words, there has been a remarkable revival of interest in defense, in the "inside baseball" made famous by Hugh Fullerton more than a decade ago. And the best place to find inside baseball is in the colleges. With rare exceptions, and those too soon transplanted from the college ranks to those of the leagues, one can hardly expect the expert position play of the professional to appear profusely in the college ranks. And of course, the batting is far below the professional standard, but in these two respects the college game makes a virtue of its defects, with the result that it is a better-balanced sport. With this advantage, against a background of intense undergraduate and graduate loyalty, the college game stands out this year to a marked degree.

There are other factors, too, in what may be looked upon as a real revival of interest in the college game. Allegiance to it has never wavered among the Catholic colleges, to be sure, for the game in such surroundings is as fundamental as the faculty itself. The large Irish element, always stalwart baseball fans, are vastly responsible for this, and there has been one other factor of great importance, the fact that even without formal organization there has always been what amounted to a league among the Catholic institutions. The advantage of this situation has recently been recognized by leaders among the non-Catholic colleges, notably Burnside Winslow, of Yale, and Sidney E. Hutchinson, of Pennsylvania. These two got their heads together last season and founded a formal league among colleges that already had a league organization in basketball. The machinery was ready to hand, and while the conduct of the league last year was purely informal, it was highly successful, so that the league made its formal début this year with considerable prestige. The result at the opening league games recently was immediately noticeable in the increased enthusiasm and attendance.

The West already had its Big Ten, and the Missouri Valley Conference was also equipped with a workable organization, but the East had suffered from a lack of formal competition. The old "natural rivalries," Yale-Harvard, Yale-Princeton, etc., are still features of commencement week, but the very nature of the game itself demanded a wider, but closely knit rivalry. The result was the launching of the Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League with the following members: Columbia, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Dartmouth and Cornell.

So far as actual skill went, the Catholic colleges have been closer to the professional standard from the beginning. They were among the earliest to send players up to the big leagues, and among the first to receive adequate professional coaching. Then, too, until track and field athletics came along, the short baseball season did not have to divide its pulling power with any other sport. Today, the big-league magnates will tell you that they look for the very life of their organizations to the colleges, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, and with the many reforms in the professional game, especially the newer standards of deportment on the field, it is at least a temporary career not to be scoffed at by the collegian.

Especially is this true of those headed for the professions, notably medicine and law—professions requiring the outlay of considerable capital.

But fundamentally the professional and college games remain vastly different in technique. From the day of its inception, at Cooperstown, Otsego County, New York, in 1839, the game was seized upon by the professionals. Martin Van Buren was then President of the United States. The army was fighting the Indians in Florida and on the plains. California belonged to Mexico, and Texas was a struggling young republic. For all practical purposes, the United States ended at the Mississippi River. On that summer day a youth named Abner Doubleday was explaining to a group of boys and young men a game of his own invention. With a sharpened stick he drew on the ground the outline of the first baseball diamond. It is true that up to that time a game called One Old Cat had been in existence, and it is from this fact that many baseball historians draw the conclusion that baseball

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was a descendant of rounders, a sport well known in England and Ireland. But the fact remains that Abner Doubleday designed and marked out the first baseball diamond.

In 1919 the Cooperstown Chamber of Commerce purchased the field where the first game of baseball was played, called it Doubleday Field, and turned it over for the use of the boys of the town. There is a movement under way to erect on the field a monument to the memory of General Doubleday.

The subsequent progress of the game is probably fairly familiar to most of its old-time devotees. The first formal game under rules developed from the Doubleday idea was played by two Knickerbocker nines in Hoboken, New Jersey, June 19, 1846. It is of record that A. J. Reach was the first professional baseball player, and as long ago as 1864 he was transferred from Brooklyn to the Philadelphia Athletics for a money consideration, the beginning of the traffic in ball players that is now known as "the ivory trade."

Then, just as the world war marked a great revival in boxing interest, the Civil War developed the still infant game of baseball. Thousands of soldiers turned to baseball between spells of fighting, and when the conflict ended the country was equipped with a large group of players and a vast assemblage of spectators, ready made.

In 1868 Cincinnati organized the first salaried team in baseball history, and the first professional league followed in 1871. The National League was organized in 1876. I delve thus far into history to establish the thoroughly professional and organized background that from time to time has helped and hurt baseball.

It was inevitable that in the professional game practices should grow up that would hardly do for transplanting to the colleges, and that is why the game has been so hard to handle there. Its technique, however, always appealed to the American youth, as probably no other game ever will. And there is evidence that the amateurs have done much for "inside baseball" from time to time. James A. Tyng of Harvard is generally credited with the invention of the catcher's mask, and A. Alonzo Stagg, now director of athletics at Chicago University, B. Spalding de Garmendia, S. A. W. Baltazzi, Huyler Westervelt, and others, stand ready to dispute with followers of the old Baltimore Orioles the invention of "inside baseball."

However that may, and wherever the credit may lie, the college game has always been one of defense rather than attack—and necessarily so. Sharp fielding, once so loudly cheered in the professional game in the course of pitchers' battles, is today too often applauded in a perfunctory way—which is decidedly not the case among the colleges. In most of the college stadia, too, because of the smaller seating facilities, there are few short outfields, and any home run is inevitably of the honest-to-goodness variety.

The element of chance, which is of the very bone and sinew of baseball, is also much more in evidence among the colleges. The error-making, of course, runs into higher figures, and it is not always a home run, but often a blow-up in the field that starts someone in the crowd to shouting, "There goes your old ball game!" The Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League has indulged in an official scorer, with the result that averages are to be found in the newspapers every week, thus increasing interest. Further, the work of the official scorer is teaching the college scorers to be a little more liberal on hits and a little less severe on errors. It is the latter tendency that has made college fielding occasionally look so poor, without aiding the real stand of college batting, which is in reality better than it looks. But the average of skill in the colleges is high enough to keep the big-league scouts on the job, and to make of every college trainer and scout an emissary of the magnates. This last, it may be said, is not an unmixed blessing.

Now a further word or two about the league idea in college baseball. The very nature of the game calls for a championship of some sort. And this championship in baseball, contrary to football, boat races and kindred college sports, must be a matter of percentages. This is why in the newly formed Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League every team in the six-club organization meets every other club twice in the course of the season. It is the only just way in which to arrive at a decision. Were the teams to play only one game with each other the decision might rest solely with the pitching talent or with the breaks of the game. It is most unlikely that one team will have all the breaks in the course of two games. And in the end, in the field chosen, there is a champion whose title cannot be disputed.

Golf has been a greater threat to the continued popularity of the professional game than any other sport—golf, and conditions in the cities where fields available for play have been steadily shrinking in number and size. In the Middle-West basketball has cut into the ranks of the natural boy baseball material. In parts of Illinois, in Indiana and in Ohio, there are large-size schools which have no baseball teams at all, enamored of the longer season possible in basketball.

In the case of golf, the kids have found that they could pick up that game by acting as caddies, and be paid for it at the same time. There is little likelihood for some years to come that the demand for club professionals, greenskeepers, club makers, and so on, will reach the saturation point, and while baseball salaries of today are most alluring, the diamond life of the good player is not apt to run beyond ten years, if, indeed, he lasts that long; whereas the dependable golf "pro" is likely to be fairly well fixed for life.

In some sections of the country the professional basketball player, with his long season—practically all the year, indoors or outdoors, and often including games twice a day—will frequently make a great deal more money than any but the highest-paid professional baseball men. As far as publicity is concerned, too, he

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will fare as well or perhaps even better. In Columbus, Ohio, alone there are something like three hundred basketball teams going through regular league seasons, and playing to big attendances. To these men baseball has few attractions.

So it is that the professional clubs must look for their recruits to the colleges. It is true that the American Legion and other patriotic organizations are trying to keep what was once known as the "sand lot" game alive, and have been fairly successful, but there is more color in the college player who graduates to the league. And color even more than skill, is needed as an asset by the professional organizations. It is the color that makes the newspaper space, and it is newspaper space that makes the huge attendances at the ball parks. Just a few years ago there was a strike of the shopmen among the New York newspapers, and for a time the proprietors published a single paper with much reduced space. This came at a time when the New York Yankees were engaged in one of those "crooshal" series. With the lessened publicity, Colonel Ruppert will tell you that there was a difference of 25,000 in the daily attendance at the Yankee Stadium.

But the college game stands on its own feet, and with this season's great revival looks forward to many years of continued prosperity.

THE MAY-FLY

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

WE PAY little attention to an insect if it appears all alone, but let it come dancing in crowds of a thousand or a million and everybody has time to halt and marvel over its appearance.

While I was on my way to attend a meeting of the Izaak Walton League in July, I observed scores of flies dancing nervously about the electric street lights. I asked my friend, who was driving the car, if he would halt long enough that my son, whose eyes are keener than my own, might give me a description of one of these flies. He made a verbal picture of a species of May-fly, and when later on, I caught a specimen, I found when it was dead that it greatly resembled a flying fish, with a body one inch long, and two bristles, each one and three-fourths inches long, protruding from the abdomen.

Recalling the past, I described the habits and life cycle of the May-fly (Ephemera). When I was invited to listen to a political address after the meeting closed, I told the president that I much preferred to go to the Tennessee River bridge and study something far more interesting—the May-flies! This aroused the interest of almost every member and before we had descended to the street, the May-flies began to swarm by the thousands and beat frantically about the electric lights.

The flies had gathered in great numbers, dimming the lights and flecking the illuminated show windows so that the glasses looked as if they had been dashed over with short streaks of a dark-colored paint. And then we started to the Tennessee River. When we entered the principal business street that led directly to the river front, a look toward the river, where the strongest and most numerous electric lights were to be found in the city, discovered such a dancing mass of May-flies that it looked like a heavy snowstorm. Indeed, had it not been a warm evening, and the air been chilly instead of sultry, one could easily have mistaken the scene for a heavy snowfall. The insects were beating as frantically and as constantly about the lights as the breakers beat at sea. The pavement was so densely covered with May-flies which had worn themselves out that all automobiles passing by made a frying sound such as one hears from the smacking noise made when wheels are running over a newly tarred surface of road on a warm day.

Miles of frail flies, maimed, helpless, fatigued, lay still or wobbly in the streets like an apple orchard floor surfaced with fallen petals at blossoming time. Death wore a million grins every time an automobile's wheels turned over, and each time the pedestrian's foot touched the pavement two scores or more of insect lives faded out. On the electric-lettered boards that hung over the sidewalks, May-flies congregated so thickly that the reading was obscured and the lower edges of the boards had so many long hairs dangling that they looked as if they had been purposely fringed with fragile-looking whiskers. Telephone, electric-light posts and wires were heavily bearded, and all needed shaving! The filmy wings and long hairs gave whiskers to everything on which the hosts of insects rested. Even the barber's poles had full growths from top to bottom!

Business houses that were not closed here and there had a man out with a spraying outfit, throwing a deadly liquid over the unfortunate insects. When the bodies were swept up together with those that had fallen from other misfortunes, piles were made six inches high. Within two blocks I saw more dead and wounded May-flies lying about than there were victims of all nations in the late world war.

And then we drove up to a bright side-light in front of a filling station. The host of May-flies that flew wildly about that light made a circle fourteen feet in diameter, and so dense the eyes could not penetrate it. When the noise of passing automobiles had died away, and left a little quietude in the atmosphere over our heads, the noise of the wings and bodies of May-flies beating against each other sounded precisely like that of falling snowflakes when the air is perfectly quiet. The mass was so dense that it was whitened.

The insects brushed our faces, necks and hands as spooks might be expected to do at a séance. When we stepped on an inclined pavement, our feet began slowly to slip from beneath our bodies, as if we were standing in so much grease. The flies covered our bodies, lit on our shoulders, our arms, our hands, our necks, our faces, as if glad to find a place to rest for a moment. The rest must have been pleasant, for scores of them remained on our bodies for more than an hour afterward.

Next morning, I was up and dressed by five o'clock. I had a burning curiosity to take a look at the street light below my house where I had seen so many May-flies beating meaninglessly about when I went to bed, less than five hours before. A red-headed woodpecker, two mocking birds, two pigeons, an English sparrow and two blackbirds were busy salvaging the wrecked insect airships. When I walked beneath the light, now gone, I found a mass of dead May-fly bodies, for the most part lying pasted to the tarred surface from passing automobiles, and yet a few were still alive and flapping their wings in a last effort to regain the heavens. The birds had collected hundreds of them in the few minutes they had been at work. I caught a dozen of the live fellows, some of which were strong enough to scramble about in my hand. At the next street light, I saw a couple of robins eating an early breakfast. Blackbirds and other birds were going to streets for their breakfasts instead of visiting the neighborhood lawns.

So it makes little difference whether the fatal hour throws the May-fly down on the running water, or on the dry land,

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there is some hungry creature, a fish, or mayhap a bird waiting close by to satisfy his hunger.

It is natural that May-flies of the same species should hatch at the same time and reach the perfect state simultaneously when their eggs are deposited in the water on the same evening. Usually, the female drops two packages of eggs, each of which may hold many hundred, into the water.

After the package breaks, the eggs are not long hatching, and the larvae have gills along the sides of their abdomens, and each one may have from two to three tail filaments. Some species of May-fly larvae crawl, some swim and some burrow in the mud. Some feed on vegetation, some are carnivorous. Some kinds require three years to reach the winged state, at which time they emerge from the water by the scores or tens of thousands. Then the old skin splits down the back of each, and the new creature that emerges is enabled to make short flights. Usually when an insect molts, and the new form gives it wings, it has reached the perfect state, but not so with the May-fly. Nature likes to demonstrate that she glories in doing things differently; that she has no cut and dried rules, and no ruts are deep enough to imprison her therein. Even after the May-fly emerges from the old skin with wings, nature permits it to molt once again, and when this happens, it has arrived at the perfect state. Then it is that life is so gay that it joins in the throng of its brothers for one great gala night, mating and laying their eggs usually the same night. But woe unto their hosts when bright lights rise up at sundown to entice them from their natural haunts!

Nature lavishes the earth with life in both her animal and vegetable creations. May-fly night is well matched in the vegetable world by the dissemination of trillions of golden rod and aster seeds in autumn. Then the atmosphere is almost clogged with these and millions of other tiny seeds with parachutes that behave as if they had minds. Most of them are lost in unfavorable situations, just about as wantonly as the May-flies lose their lives in the maze of city lights. Nature takes cognizance of this fact. Behold her hosts that she sends forth, anticipating the loss of ninety-nine out of every 100, sometimes more! But these are lost mostly in the seed, while on May-fly night, her creations have reached maturity, already mated or ready to mate, and the females should be flying over the river dropping their precious egg boxes into the water, instead of beating their lives out about bright lights. But much of humanity is bewildered in life with as perfect delusions as are the lights to the May-flies! Glittering things appeal to the gay and the inexperienced person, and they sap his life of its energy, and rob him of his intended achievements.

The Soldier

He had brought home medals:
Little chips of gold,
Little chips of silver
Given to the bold.

He had brought home ribbons
That the general gave
(With their medals hanging)
Only to the brave.

He had won the honor
That the brave achieve:
He had brought home medals
And an empty sleeve.

JOHN MULLEN.

FOR THE COMMON WOE

By HARVEY WICKHAM

THIS article should really be sent to the authorities—say to one of the high lord executioners of the Ku Klux Klan—for it contains, or is about to contain, evidence of a new "Catholic plot." But, being in a relenting mood, I am, at the risk of conviction as an accessory after the fact, sending it to Suite 4622 of the Grand Central Terminal. Knights of Columbus and Calvert Associates of the thirty-second degree will know what I mean. This will give Mr. Michael Williams, president of the Calvert Associates, an opportunity to pack his bag and baggage for the Citta Vaticana. He may yet be safe if he crosses the Tiber—in time.

These are the facts—a rather new thing in Catholic conspiracies, but facts they are, documented and admissible in any court of law:

On November 7, 1924, an organization, viz., the Calvert Publishing Corporation, caused to be entered at the post office at New York the title of a weekly periodical, to wit, The Commonweal, and privilege was granted for its transportation as second-class matter. The Calvert Publishing Corporation was itself but the organ of an older (and darker) organization, known as The Calvert Associates.

It was given out that the title, The Commonweal, had been furnished by a certain gentleman living in the more or less Middle-West, acting innocently, spontaneously, without arrière pensée and in obedience to sudden poetic inspiration. But let us see. Let us go back to the year 1862, the date of the Great Exhibition in the Cromwell Road, England. For then it was that a number of Proletarians, taking advantage of the Exhibition, arrived from France and, meeting with their English confrères, formed an organization which came to be described as the First Internationale and shortly fell beneath the sway of one Mordechai, better known as Karl Marx.

In 1883, by which time the First Internationale had become the Second, a Fabian Society was inaugurated, and "fell almost immediately under the control of Mr. George Bernard Shaw." (Vide, Webster, World Revolution, The Plot against Civilization, Constable and Company, Limited, London, 1921, page 266.) Also in 1883, the Social Democratic Federation, with Justice as its organ, was founded by H. M. Hyndman. In 1884 this produced an offshoot, known as the Socialist League supported by William Morris, by an Austrian "semi-anarchist" named Andrea Scheu, several English "compleat" anarchists, and a Dr. Aveling.

A little later, Dr. Aveling, who had himself formed "a free union" with Eleanor, youngest daughter of Karl Marx, joined himself with yet another subversive body, the Independent Labor party, founded, with intent to abolish the Fabians, by Friederich Engels and Keir Hardie. The Fabians, it was thought, were not sufficiently Marxian, and needed to be gebosst. (See Engels's letter to Sorge, July 20, 1889.) Meanwhile Eleanor was working for the London Gas Workers' and General Laborers' Union, and in a subsequent letter Engels boasts that the gas workers are being gebosst—by "Tussy," this "Tussy" being but Eleanor by a more familiar name. (Vide, Adolphe Smith, The Pan-German Internationale, page 6.)

What has all this got to do with anything in particular? Wait! Without a little patience it is impossible to discover a "plot," even on the part of the Catholic Church.

During the war (in 1916, to be exact) Hyndman and Dr. Aveling fell out. They had passed through a great many wars (of words) side by side, organizing, disorganizing and

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reorganizing a great many associations. A great many things had changed their names while remaining the même chose, among them Justice, which had become the Call. As members of the Federation, which was now termed the British Socialist Party, both Hyndman and Dr. Aveling had been in close touch with the Internationale—no longer the First, or even the Second, but the Third, usually referred to as Moscow. But now that it was a case of shooting off cannons rather than mouths, Hyndman decided that Tussy's free-union husband was too much gebosst, not only by Tussy but by Kaiser William II. It was thus that Hyndman, instead of waving the red flag, showed what his late partner deemed the white feather, re-created the Federation, and eventually passed out of the picture.

The deserted British Socialist party immediately changed its name to the British Communist party. This done, Tussy, her elder sister, and Dr. Aveling all committed suicide—which is neither here nor there. But what is both there and here, is this. Before he died, Aveling, who had been editing the Call, changed *its* name also, to—*the Commonweal!*

It is now sufficiently obvious, I hope, that The Commonweal, entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York in 1924, is nothing but the successor of the Commonweal printing first-class matter under the direction of the son-in-law of Karl Marx! It is therefore the heir of Justice, and of the Call. By the same token, Michael Williams, the present editor, has but taken up the gebossting let fall by Tussy, Dr. Aveling, Friederich Engels, Keir Hardie, prewar Hyndman, Mordechai, William Morris and Semi-anarchist Scheu. His connection with Shaw is more subtle, but evinced (as much as by anything) in his Fabian tone. It is equally true that The Calvert Associates are, or is, the Social Democratic Federation, the Socialist League, the British Communist party, and several other things, in disguise, and in close touch with the Third, or Moscow, Internationale. No wonder it is read all over!

If this be not a logical deduction, it must be admitted that it is much more logical than most of the deductions made in similar cases, and I see no reason why future "historians," finding this article in the archives of a still greater New York, should not regard it as proof of—well, whatever it is that they are then trying to prove.

The Eternal Exile

"Dominion over every living thing
Is yours," God said. "The fowl with feathered wing,
Scarlet and silver fish beneath the deep,
The beasts four-footed and the snakes that creep
In Eden's grass, my creatures great and small
Are less than man—be master of them all."

But far from Eden, quaking and afraid
Walks Adam, lord of all his lord has made;
Piles brick on brick to wall himself away
From empty meadows and the open day,
Or fearing ancient forests, fearfully
In little ships goes down to the wide sea.

From early dawn until the day is done
He weaves, to cloak himself from wind and sun,
Yet daylight over and his labor spent
Must still at evening, to lie well content,
Lock out the great night with small keys and bars,
To light false moons and temporary stars.

JEAN BATCHELOR.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Tavern

ALL the mild madness that goes to make up magic is packed into The Tavern. It is one of those deliciously frantic pieces which I was not fortunate enough to see in its earlier run a few years ago, but which I feel doubly fortunate in seeing now for the first time. One loves it for its vagabondage, its ridiculous underscorings and exaggerations, and above all for its triumphant "theatre." Just because it is utterly preposterous—and meant to be so—it is the best example our stage has known in a decade of the power of illusion, standing stark and by itself.

This matter of "theatre"—or illusion—is one of the great mysteries which keeps the stage alive through the centuries. You cannot define it exactly without belittling it, much as you cannot define the idea of the infinite. You can say that theatrical illusion is the power to make an audience believe in the reality of what they see going on, to sink into and accept the stage situations, to forget grease-paint and costumes and memorized lines and to identify themselves with one or more of the characters on the stage. But that is a thin and wholly inadequate way of describing illusion. It fits the normal play reasonably well. It even fits light fantasies such as Peter Pan. But it falls desperately short of fitting the antics of clowns, the grotesque humor of a Chaplin, or the broad blows and sharp thrusts of obvious satire. The extraordinary thing about a play like The Tavern is that it gives you the illusion—as intended—of *not* being real. It partakes of magic precisely because it asks you at one and the same time to reject it with your intelligence and to accept it with your eyes and your emotions.

After all, this is the essence of the magician's art. The conjurer does not ask you or expect you to believe that he can make a dove out of thin air, or saw a living woman in two without killing her. The more you reject this with your intelligence, the more you enjoy the illusion of seeing the impossible accomplished before your eyes. You say to yourself, "There must be a trick in it," but you enjoy the illusion for its own sake, and all the more because you know it is a trick. The whole sum and substance of the magician's art is in making you love illusion just because you know it is only illusion. That is where the avowed magician differs from the occultist or the fakir.

I once heard a disciple of Houdini explain why it was that this master of tricks could expose "mediums" who had defied the closest observation of scientists. Scientists, he explained, start with observation, and try to find an explanation of observed facts. They depend to an amazing degree upon the limited power of the senses. The magician, on the other hand, starts out with the sceptical formula that anything out of keeping with common sense and cumulative human experience is impossible. He refuses resolutely to accept the testimony of his senses, because he knows, from his own experience, that fooling the senses is a comparatively easy matter. He looks instead for a trick. He says to himself, "If I wanted to produce this particular illusion, how would I go about it?" Before long, he has constructed a trick to accomplish the illusion, and with this as a clew, proceeds to find a way for exposing the trick. Nine times out of ten he succeeds.

In other words, the magician is an honest man by nature. He enjoys proving to you the limitation of your own senses,

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but he does not seek to debauch your intelligence. The Tavern, as a play, is distinctly the work of a magician, making you enjoy impossible nonsense just because it is impossible. It creates, not the illusion of a recognized or even an imaginary reality, but the illusion of the utterly absurd—madness thrown into the pot of magic and brought forth as so many rabbits with pink tails and blue ears. And just because it is magic and packed with the movement and life and thrill of the theatre, you accept it, welcome it, greet it with a rush of enthusiasm.

Of course there is something more to The Tavern than magical nonsense and satirical melodrama. There is the character of the Vagabond—the central, half-mad figure who sees all life as drama. Not only because George M. Cohan plays this part, and to the hilt, but because of the part itself, the Vagabond stands for something eternal. "To be free on a night like this, in the storm"—the glorious gallantry of it! That is his theme. Play-boy of all time—romancer—defender of forgotten illusions—that part of the spirit of man which will never be kept under lock and key, which wanders the road, which yields to the madness of the moon.

It is a good thing for the languishing stage to have this revival of The Tavern. It makes us see, in a flashing glance, how far too seriously we take the theatre—or else, if you prefer, how far too theatrically we take the serious. All about us are people who would make the stage a pulpit, or, if not that, then a medical laboratory, or a psychological clinic or a sociological blunderbuss, or simply a place to tell dirty stories with forced wit. How few there are to be content with it as a place for magic, nonsense, improvisation and sheer mental adventure—for Harlequin and his crew and the reign of topsyturvy!

Mr. Cohan has a good cast for this revival—but it is his own performance that touches the real core of artistry, moving from the romantic swagger of the first scenes right through to that mad climax when he dances out into the storm, brandishing his crooked cane and chanting the song of man's everlasting freedom. No other man could do this as Cohan does it, chiefly because no other man of our time has understood better, cherished more completely and lived more thoroughly the very magic we call theatre. (At the Fulton Theatre.)

So This Is London

WILL ROGERS has a good time of it in a screen version of George M. Cohan's comedy on international prejudice. So does the audience for that matter—not only in listening to Rogers's dry comments, but in watching the romance of little Maureen O'Sullivan (last seen in John McCormack's film) as the daughter of an English lord.

It is a little hard, of course, to take the doings of all the characters seriously enough to make the romantic part of the story effective. Will Rogers himself is as much of a caricature of the average American business man as Lumsden Hare, as Lord Worthing, is an amiable libel on British aristocracy. Two such characters never existed—which makes the reality of all the other situations a trifle hard to accept. For this reason, the play falls rather between farce and comedy and is neither one nor the other. It is one of those numerous stories built around the standard plot of the rich and uncouth American who believes that nothing good exists outside of the United States, and who suddenly finds himself projected into a foreign atmosphere. His son, of course, has to fall in love with an English girl, with the result that we have Abie's Irish Rose all over again on an international scale. The comedy is just the kind you would expect from such a setting.

Do not gather the impression, however, that the piece is dull simply because it is obvious in general outline. Will Rogers has proved over a series of years that he is almost as good an actor as he is a wit. He can make even an absurd situation almost believable and when he does settle down to serious portrayal, he has not a little of the heart-pulling power of David Warfield. Nothing in semi-slapstick comedy could be more delightful than Will Rogers's efforts to solve the mysteries of English hunting—nothing in serious mood more touching than his efforts to repair the damage he has done to his son's love affair. (At the Roxy Theatre.)

Courage

THE play in which Janet Beecher spent many months on Broadway has been altered slightly in its film version—not, on the whole, to its disadvantage. There was always a moment in the play when the foolish but courageous mother nearly lost sympathy through the effort to justify the illegitimate birth of her youngest son. In the film version little Bill has no such stigma—except in the suspicious mind of his aunt. This makes for a better alignment of values and obviates all need for false sentimentality.

Belle Bennett plays the rôle of the mother on the screen, admirably. Mrs. Colbrook (if you happen to recall the play) was a widow who had come east with a very small financial stake, determined to pilot her seven children to successful careers. After listening to every get-rich-quick scheme, she found her fortune gone and staggering debts facing her. Then she tried bluff, but none too successfully. Even her children began to berate her—all, that is, except the devoted little Bill who became her champion against the entire world. The effort of the maiden aunt, Miss Colbrook, to take away the children, and the surprising way in which little Bill became the solution of all the troubles form the skeleton of the rather slender plot. It is a very human little comedy, full of those intimate touches which can make so much of the stuff of drama in a large family.

The screen catches the best values of the play, notably in the performance of little Leon Janney as Bill—a characterization quite as true and touching as the stage original. But will no one ever arrive in Hollywood capable of demanding authenticity in details of American life? The story is supposed to be set in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The older son is supposed to be going to Harvard. If any boy attempted to dress as this boy does in any college town of the United States, his life would be one long misery. Such costumes are to be found only in musical comedy choruses. And as to the office of the Cambridge bank president—well, it would do credit to the smoothest oil stock promoter. Minor details, perhaps, but no credit to Warner Brothers' producing staff. (At the Winter Garden.)

The Problem of Shorts

HOLLYWOOD also has some housecleaning to do in the matter of short numbers. "Shorts" are admittedly a problem. They must fill out the time of full entertainment at the first run theatres. But that is no excuse for not doing them reasonably well. Most of the shorts I have seen in recent weeks are not even up to the level of custard-pie comics. There would seem to be a large field here for authors of the calibre of George Kelly, specialists in the technique of the one-act play. And what a field for the dramatization of O. Henry!

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COMMUNICATIONS

A CLOUD FROM CANADA

Toronto, Can.

TO the Editor:—It is difficult (impossible for a Canadian) to conceive of a piece of writing calculated to give a more completely untrue impression than that which Mr. Seitz labored to produce in the article, A Cloud from Canada, which appeared in your issue of March 5.

Prohibition came to Canada as part of war hysteria. Immediately after the war, bootlegging, pocket flasks, crime and debauchery generally prevailed in the dry provinces to an extent previously unheard of in this usually law-abiding country. The movement for repeal gathered force in Ontario very slowly. A first referendum resulted in the defeat of the antiprohibition forces. Prohibition had the unanimous support of all Protestant churches, except, perhaps, the Anglican (Episcopalian). Subsequently there were two general elections with prohibition the chief issue. In all this agitation and voting, the economic argument was not advanced. In speeches on the subject, occasionally, a speaker might say, "If the people will drink, the government might as well get the profit as the bootlegger." Such statements were very rare, and I can assure you that in Canada the repeal of prohibition legislation came almost completely as the conclusion of a moral issue.

If Canada is an example of "a land driven by financial decay to repudiate its antiliquor legislation," it is at least strange that Parliament in its present session, at the request of the United States, passed legislation refusing customs clearances to shipments of liquor to the United States, thereby voluntarily incurring a yearly loss of revenue of $12,000,000: this, too, at a time when American tariff legislation was demonstrating very clearly the altruism existing in United States politics. American figures show that liquor from Canada constitutes only about 2 percent of the liquor consumed in your country. If money-grabbing Canada is ready to lose $12,000,000 yearly to help stop 2 percent of your drinking, one wonders how much your government should spend to enforce your own laws.

It is impossible to deal in detail with Mr. Seitz's article. It is news that Prince Edward Island "is outside the tourist track." It is equally novel to be told that Canada was in any sort of "financial decay." It is true that we were in a war to an extent which you do not know, and that war obligations made the period of reconstruction difficult. Perhaps, the most interesting part of the article was to find an American sending Benedict Arnold to Canada in the year 1777. We might at least expect accuracy when dealing with American history.

GERALD KELLY.

THE HAYES-MOON HISTORY

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Brisbane in this morning's Today tells us that Reverend Lefferd M. A. Haughwout objected to the Catholic tone of the book, Modern History, by Professors Hayes and Moon, and that the New York Board of Education dropped the book from their list of textbooks. Now, having ruminated much over the weird item, may I take a few of your lines to ululate for the benefit of your patient readers?

I wonder first of all if Brisbane isn't just spoofing his yokel devotees out here where the ultimate West meets the ultramarine? Certainly, the name "Haughwout" does not suggest anything human, rather it makes one think of robots and the like. But taking the name to be the symbol of a real person, I wonder what your esteemed contributor, Denis A. McCarthy, of Boston, thinks of the affair? This good Brother McCarthy, it would seem, just dotes on Methodists, Baptists and "Haughwoutites" but hates atheists, agnostics and "Menckenites." He thinks that the first group is nearer God than the second, and that it is therefore more decent, tolerant, just and honest. I don't know how Mr. McCarthy and his associates would prove it (personally I believe him totally wrong in the matter) any more than I know how that other neo-Catholic maestro, "Colonel" Callahan, would prove his trick theories, but I do feel that, if, at the same instant, Molto Reverendo Lefferd M. A. Haughwout, D.D., and Very Irreverent H. L. Mencken were to die, a jury made up of Michael and Gabriel and Raphael and Uriel, and of Mary Magdalen and Bridget of Sweden and Bridget of Ireland and Mother Machree, and of Patrick and Kevin and Malachi and the penitent thief would advise the Great Judge, without leaving the box, to let old Mencken in and put old Haughwout out.

W. A. BIXEL.

"FLYING IN THE FACE OF FACTS"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—During the last presidential campaign I was taken to task by a Catholic editor rather severely for "flying in the face of facts" when I suggested that the alarming growth of anti-Catholicism in the United States is not religious in its essence, but racial, and that it is not one-sided. My chief offense, apparently, lay in suggesting that racial antagonism is not a monopoly of the "older stratum" of American citizenship, but is at least equally active among new citizens.

The fact into the face of which I flew (and still fly) is that we have today a racially divided citizenship and that we are permitting and even encouraging the division to crystallize around the Catholic Church. I believe that to be a dangerous situation from the point of view of religion and of citizenship and I believe it to be totally unnecessary. It is interesting to note that the "fact" is confirmed by Reverend James M. Gillis, C.S.P., in his weekly column in the Catholic Bulletin.

Commenting on something published recently by Hugh Walpole, Father Gillis says: "The Roman had his day, so Divine Providence sent in some new blood that was to achieve a higher civilization than that of Rome. So in America. The Anglo-Saxons have had their day. They were the old America, which as Mr. Walpole says, is disappearing. The new America is in the hands of the 'children of the immigrants of the last fifty years.' Just now many of them, as an English observer notices are 'crude, ill disciplined, ignorant and resentful of law and order.' But they will discipline themselves and will produce a culture of their own, here on our soil. It may well be the greatest culture of all." That is perfectly possible and if it were a Catholic ideal it would be a noble ambition. Is it surprising, however, that the majority of "decadent" American citizens who, according to Father Gillis "have had their day" and upon whom, whether they want it or not "the children of the immigrants of the last fifty years" are about to superimpose "a culture of their own" should make a last feeble attempt to go on living? Or that, seeing in "the children of the immigrants" a "tool of the political intriguers of Rome" they should turn their "decadent" resentment to the Catholic religion?

There are Americans left, and Catholics among them, who

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believe that the American experiment of a new society and in it a new government as it was set up and intended to function is the best yet devised for the purposes of Church and state provided it be based on the utmost development of the individual citizen. They do not want a United States or "a new culture" based upon racial blocs nor upon the Catholic Church as a racial, nationalistic sect.

To say that such a tendency exists and is a danger to Church and state in America is surely not "flying in the face of facts" unless in the meaning that one is facing that fact and urging others to face it as American citizens (not as "new America" or as "old America") and as Catholics (not as a racial federation or as a political party). This dangerous rift in our citizenship is partly due to the neglect of American history and Catholic history in our schools.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE PEERLESS LEADER

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—A biographical sketch of William Jennings Bryan, under the caption, The Peerless Leader, from the pen of Paxton Hibben, was made the subject of a review by John A. Ryan which appeared in The Commonweal in the issue of January 15, last.

In the course of the review, reference is made to one of the debates at Whipple Academy in which Mr. Bryan upheld the affirmative of the proposition that "Catholicism is more dangerous to the United States than Communism" and this position, it is suggested, may have been the basis for the charge that he was anti-Catholic.

As concerns this, may I say that it was my good fortune to know Mr. Bryan when he first came to Congress in 1891; was a member of his family for eight years at Lincoln, Nebraska; was closely associated with him when Secretary of State; slept in the same tent with him during the Spanish-American War and was constantly at his bedside during his illness at my home in 1919.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that while living in his home at Lincoln, knowing me to be a Catholic, Mr. Bryan was not simply tolerant but constantly solicitous that I should feel no restraint or embarrassment, and not only saw to it that the Friday menu should include some variety of fish, but was careful to inform himself as to the fast days in the Catholic calendar.

For these and other reasons I may positively state that Mr. Bryan was not an enemy of the Catholic faith nor was the Church an enemy of Mr. Bryan—on the contrary, clergy and laity were his most loyal supporters in the campaign of 1896.

In 1897 the liquor interests sought to secure his indorsement for certain leading brands, going so far as to print labels with his picture over the words "Mr. Bryan's Favorite Brand." This he indignantly denounced and forcefully advised the responsible parties of his position on the liquor question. Following this the anti-Catholic propaganda was launched and sedulously spread in all large Catholic centres.

On his general attitude toward the Catholic Church, it is interesting to note the opinion of so eminent a churchman as Father Nugent, pastor of the cathedral at Lincoln, who said to this writer that he "had never met a man who was so well read in Catholic doctrine" and to Mr. Bryan, himself, he said on one occasion: "I cannot understand why you are not a Catholic, as you have a more thorough knowledge of that faith than any ecclesiast I have met in or out of college," to which Mr. Bryan replied, "I could not reach the atheist through the Church, they do not attend church."

Concluding, may I venture the opinion that the biography of Hibben and Werner in Liberty as well as others more friendly in tone, will be of great future value, for the latter will serve to emphasize the bitterness of his critics, a bitterness that cannot be justified and so will the more effectively illumine his nobility of soul and disclose his utter disregard for a criticism that was captious and wholly undeserved. Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln were each the victim of a malignant criticism, for they too, sought the welfare of the masses, which should be the great objective of a true democracy.

Mr. Bryan was accustomed to view the affairs of the world through the crystal lens of human betterment, and to him, the narrow, selfish and purely egoistic point of view could and did make no appeal.

DAN BRIDE.

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor:—A self-imposed pledge to refrain from writing about the London naval conference should not prevent the making of a few comments, now that its materialistic high priests have performed their rites.

Now we know the output—it may be years before we learn the outcome—of this conference! Obviously, its real object has been achieved, namely, the cutting down of naval expenditures. President Hoover estimates our savings at $1,000,000,000, which, if used to put the jobless to work, might offset in part the efforts of the "Godless" to stir up discontent. Will it be so used?

Obviously, the attempt to fool the "Latin mind" has failed. That astute mind refuses to admit that the Christmas message of the angels was delivered in the English language.

Obviously, parities big have begotten parities little, and odorous comparisons have been uncorked, to the dismay of the bigwigs and the anger of the small ones.

When the nations of the earth come to regard war less as an evil in itself, and more as a punishment of national wrongdoing, that attitude of humility will point the way to peace.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

MAY-DAY MATTERS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I was much interested in your editorial in The Commonweal for April 30, wherein you referred to "a kind of production economics doled out during recent years" by myself and others. As a constant reader and admirer of your editorial pages, I was naturally a bit puzzled by this reference, especially by the phrase "production economics." As a matter of fact, if you will examine a few recent talks of mine, you will discover that I am constantly pounding away on the necessity of more "distribution" economies. The frailties in that part of our whole economic organization, to my way of thinking, present the gravest business problem now before the country.

Specifically with reference to your impression that I have been stressing the introduction of more machine production efficiency, I am sure you will be interested in certain passages in my radio talks of January 26 and February 9, wherein I tried to point out precisely these fields of technological employment to which you have reference.

JULIUS KLEIN.

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BOOKS

Books Aplenty

LITERATURE being what it is, and our space likewise, it has proved impossible to review many good—or at least interesting—books sent by publishers. The following digest aims to comment upon these. We are not sure that the descriptive phrases used uniformly do justice to the volumes in question, but they are as apt as we have been able to make them.

Of reprints there is no dearth. A Diary of Saint Helena, edited by Sir Arthur Wilson (New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50) is a new issue of a book first published in 1899 and still too little known. Usually termed Lady Malcolm's Diary, the writing is most likely that of Sir Pulteney Malcolm himself. It reveals a Bonaparte not averse to small talk and eager to comment upon European affairs during the years of his imprisonment. Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont, written by Anthony Hamilton during the early years of the eighteenth century, appears in fresh and attractive dress (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00). The translation by Peter Quennell is new and fluent, and Cyril Hartmann supplies the needed introductory information. This book, it seems hardly necessary to add, cannot be accepted as a wholly authentic history of Charles II's era, but remains absorbing reading for those who care to acquaint themselves with a fashionable, dissolute but very human moment in English history. Memoirs of Sir James Melville of Halhill, edited by A. Francis Steuart (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00) is interesting chiefly for material relative to Mary, Queen of Scots. The book has long been known as one important index to the mind of the Elizabethan age. A new edition of The Evolution of the Art of Music, by C. Hubert Parry (New York: D. Appleton Company. $3.50) appears at what should be an opportune time. Despite a few shortcomings, most of which the present editor (H. C. Colles) has duly noted, this is certainly one of the best short histories of music ever written. If our age is really interested in music with serious intelligence, this old book should become very popular once again. Periodical Essays of the Eighteenth Century, by George Carver (New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $1.50) is designed primarily for school use. But its selection of familiar and not so familiar papers should prove entertaining outside the classroom.

Part One of Goethe's Faust, as translated by William Page Andrews, has been edited and published by George M. Priest and Karl E. Weston (Princeton: Princeton University Press. $4.00). While the version cannot be praised for notable poetic merits, it is fittingly humble in its service of Goethe and reveals a painstaking knowledge of the difficult original. Preludes and Symphonies (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75) is a reissue under a new title of two early books of verse by John Gould Fletcher. Thus the public is invited to renew acquaintance with poems which were almost the best that imagism could accomplish. There is an appealing self-commentary by way of introduction. But just what did imagism accomplish? That is another question and not (one fears) a burning one. Marriage, by Edward Westermarck (New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $1.50) purports to be a new treatise but is really an essay, written apart, summarizing the author's voluminous discussion of matrimony. The value of Westermarck's theory cannot be discussed here. But it seems a mistake to issue for popular consumption a digest which clamors on every page for substantiating material to be furnished only by a comprehensive and scholarly work. Early Christian Latin Poets, by Otto J. Kuhnmuench, S.J. (Chicago: Loyola University Press. $2.40) differs from other anthologies of mediaeval verse (notaly Miss Waddell's) in that it is devoted to religious verse and well supplied with scholarly notes. The book is a praiseworthy venture in a field sure to engross more and more of the educator's concern.

In Lucian Goes A Voyaging, Agnes Carr Vaughan offers a modernized version of Lucian's True History (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00). It is a sprightly narrative, intended for boys and girls, but it comes as a welcome addition to the general list of older travel fantasies. While we are on the subject of the ancients, it is useful to note that George Howe and G. A. Harver, of the University of North Carolina, have published an excellent Handbook of Classical Mythology (New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $1.50). Arranged as a small consulting dictionary, the book gives information plainly and simply, sometimes furnishing references to modern literature. One wishes, however, that the authors had omitted most of their preface. The Epic of the Old Testament, by Arthur H. Wood (New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00) is a remarkable collection of selected passages arranged in chronological sequence and accompanied by pertinent notes giving the historical setting. By reason of the versions used and also the attitude adopted in some places, the volume is of course not acceptable from the general Catholic point of view. But the book embodies a fine idea which should be carried out by a competent Catholic scholar bent on popularizing the reading of the Scriptures. As a final example of modern reprinting, one may mention a late addition to Everyman's Library (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $.80) American Short Stories of the Nineteenth Century, edited by John Cournos. The pièce de resistance is Henry James's Passionate Pilgrim.

New biographical books include many of real value. John Christian Bach, by Charles Sanford Terry (New York: The Oxford University Press. $8.50) will exemplify. Too special a theme to appeal to the general reader, the career of the youngest son of Bach the Great is a matter which musicians will regard with unusual affection. Dr. Terry has been a veritable bee in his search for information, so that his book—which appends an excellent thematic catalogue to a spirited narrative—may be said to have guaranteed against oblivion a musician whose compositions are once again being heard in concert halls and whose life story includes the absorbing chronicle of a conversion to the Catholic Church. The information supplied regarding musical history during this period is copious and always illuminating. The Blessed Don Bosco, by Neil Boynton, S.J. (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00) is intended for boys. Nevertheless it is so far and away the best life of this charming saint available in English that it should appeal to countless adults. A foreword by the Honorable Alfred E. Smith adds distinction to a volume having plenty of its own. Sarah Orne Jewett, a monograph by Francis Otto Matthiessen (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $3.00) is no longer strictly new. It is, however, so definitely one of the best essays in literary biography to have been published during recent years that one cannot refrain from mentioning it approvingly here. Heine, by H. G. Atkins (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50) is a careful and usually non-rhetorical life of the famous poet. The story is not always pleasant, and Mr. Atkins appeals from the rather humdrum facts to the poetry "which has voiced the dissonances of the modern world in verses of delicate and ethereal beauty." The Life of Mother Margaret Hallahan, by Mother Raphael Francis Drane, is available in a new edition (New York: Longmans,

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Green and Company. $5.00). Women in religion should know this story of a remarkable English nun who has frequently been likened to Lacordaire. John Knox, by Edwin Muir (New York: the Viking Press. $3.00) is a very well-written biography of the fiery Scottish Calvinist. Andrew W. Mellon, by Philip H. Love (Baltimore: F. Heath Coggins and Company. $3.50) justifies its appearance on the ground that Mr. Mellon "is perhaps the only great public figure who has not been made the subject of a biography." This oversight has now been compensated for with abundant enthusiasm. In a similar vein, Hewitt H. Howland offers Dwight Whitney Morrow: A Sketch in Administration (New York: The Century Company. $1.50). Mr. Coolidge contributes an introduction in which we are told: "Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this remarkable man is that while his circumstances have changed greatly he has remained the same." Fortunately this remark is not wholly true, as Mr. Howland proceeds to show. To nickname the English translation of the careful if rationalistic study of demonology by Maurice Garçon and Jean Vinchon The Devil, and to term it a "biography" was, perhaps, a clever publicity idea (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.50). The book is nevertheless chiefly concerned with the pathology of demonism and its observations are usually discreet if a little unduly mundane. Youth in Revolt, by Shmarya Levin (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50) is the second volume of the autobiography of a prominent Jewish leader. It is an interesting commentary on the life of the chosen people in Russia as well as a chronicle of a remarkable personality in quest of a modern education. Thus the book has considerable documentary value. James Nelson Barker, by Paul H. Musser (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.00) is the first effective study of the American playwright and patriot whose career is identified with the War of 1812. The author summarizes the results of diligent research and draws a fairly appealing portrait. Tears and Smiles, Barker's most important comedy, is included by way of an appendix. Finally, there is La Sainte France Contemporaine, by Serge Barrault (Paris: J. De Gigord) a series of studies in modern French religious personalities—Soeur Elizabeth de la Trinité, Père Joseph Tissot and others. All the essays are of great merit.

Recent volumes of an anthological character include The Searching Mind of Greece, by John M. Warbeke (New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $5.00) which is both an interpretation of Greek thought and a résumé of Greek ideas. From the first point of view it seems a less satisfactory book than Leon Robin's, but from the second vantage ground it is really very useful. Private Letters Pagan and Christian, selected by Dorothy Brooke (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.50) is a choice from extant correspondence of the thousand years in which the birth of Christ was the central event. Here are epistles from ancient Greece, Rome and Egypt, by such authors as Cicero, Pliny, Martial, Saint Basil and Saint Jerome. Many of the documents are relatively unfamiliar even to modern readers who have studied the classics. The book is therefore decidedly original and informing. A Diary for the Thankful-Hearted, compiled by Mary Hodgkin (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00) aims to supply causes for cheerfulness derived from meditative literature. The mood is Christian, even if decidedly quietistic. Olive, Cypress and Palm, "an anthology of love and death," has been compiled by Mina Curtiss (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50). It is a selection of English poems bearing upon that dust in which we shall be equal made. Feeling that the modern attitude toward death

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Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell *Director*

is different from that which prevailed in earlier days, Miss Curtiss has excluded poets born after 1850. Hers is a curious volume which has, however, many good things in it. Copy: 1930 (New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00) is a collection of stories, plays, poems and articles written by Columbia University students. Virtually all the material has appeared in general magazines, including The Commonweal. The Living and the Lifeless, marginalia by the Dutch thinker, Dirk Coster, has been translated by Beatrice M. Hinkle (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75). Influences of Nietzsche and Dostoievsky upon a Christian spirit are revealed. Century Readings in the English Novel, edited by John W. Cunliffe (New York: The Century Company. $3.50) adds another volume to a well-known list. The selections range from Defoe to Conrad.

History is a perennially fascinating subject. Wesley M. Gewehr's The Great Awakening in Virginia: 1740-1790 (Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. $4.00) has been referred to approvingly in a Commonweal editorial. It is a history of the Protestant contribution to American history during a formative period. Economic Causes of the Reformation in England, by Oscar Marti (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50) is an interesting if manifestly one-sided and antipapal study of prereformation finance in so far as that had a bearing upon religious history. Finland, the Republic Farthest North, by Eugene Van Cleef (Columbus: Ohio State University Press.) is concerned chiefly with the geographical characteristics of an unusual country, but devotes chapters to literature, politics and migration. Alaska is equally far north, and to it Henry W. Clark devotes a readable and studious book—A History of Alaska (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50). The aim was not to write a definitive chronicle but to select material of outstanding interest and usefulness. Irish Nationality, by Alice Stopford Green (New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25) is a reprint of the author's excellent Home University Library volume, with a brief postscript summarizing recent political changes. This is, in every respect, an important little book. A History of the Jews, by Paul Goodman (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $1.50) is a new edition of a usable summary, objectionable chiefly by reason of an exceedingly biased account of Christ. The Reformation in Ireland under Elizabeth, by Myles V. Ronan (New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $7.00) is a continuation of the same author's earlier volume. To date no writer has been more nearly impartial or better informed than Mr. Ronan, who has now carried his interesting story to 1580. We are sorry that lack of space precludes a longer review of this book. Light is thrown upon the religious history of women in India by Women under Primitive Buddhism, by I. B. Horner (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00). This is virtually a history of the Buddhistic nuns, with an interesting preface by Rhys-Davids. Respected for first-rate essays in the field of Carolina history, Professor Verner W. Crane has now written a larger book on the same subject—The Southern Frontier: 1670-1732 (Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. $4.50). If this book is research pure and simple, it nevertheless has all the virtues of its kind.

Christ in Islam, by the Reverend James Robson (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00) is a brief study of the Mohammedan attitude toward Christ. Moses, Isaiah and Judas the Maccabee are some of the figures treated in Great Men and Movements in Israel, by Rudolf Kittell (New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00). The volume is of manifest importance to students of the Old Testament. Modes, Manners and Ornaments, by Max von Boehn (New

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York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00) is "the story of those highly important 'trifles' which have from the first accompanied the progress of fashion." Lace, fans, gloves, trinkets, snuff-boxes are among the objects discussed in fluent prose accompanied by many illustrations. The New Fascist State, by Edwin Ware Hullinger (New York: Rae D. Henkle Company, Incorporated. $2.50) deals with what the author terms "Mussolini's answer to the social economic problem as it confronted Italy at a particular moment." The conclusions are that Italy has profited materially but has suffered from a "literary eclipse" and other plagues. Irish intellectual history is reviewed in A Page of Irish History: Story of University College, Dublin, compiled by Fathers of the Society of Jesus (Dublin: The Talbot Press, Limited. 21 s.). It is a complete record, of genuine value to educators. Dr. William E. Barton always writes interestingly of Lincoln. His latest book, Lincoln at Gettysburg (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.00) offers a detailed account of the illustrious speech and of the circumstances under which it was delivered. Which will suffice for the present.

THE EDITORS.

Briefer Mention

The Party Dress, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THERE is a curious dualism in whatever Mr. Hergesheimer writes about wealthy society. He is honestly interested in the artificial types he elects to portray and honestly curious about their remaining core of humanity. He is even more interested in what they wear, what they eat, what oaths and intimate confessions they use to smarten their talk, and how their bathrooms are decorated. His story is almost invariably a tragedy and an indictment, supported by real observation and serious at least to the extent of a genuine conviction that some imponderable and precious element in people (he does not know exactly what it is) suffers mortally from this trivial, luxurious, patterned existence. Yet his own delight in its surfaces is so unmistakable that it dominates the reader's other impressions. This novel is a close variant of Cytherea. In that book it was a middle-aged man who was fed up with country-club life, and who fell a prey to a devastating and illicit passion. Here it is a middle-aged woman. The vis-à-vis in both cases dies tragically—even, in both cases, in Cuba. The one difference is that here Nina Henry's lover kills himself in retribution, and that is a fake difference. There are none of the moral ingredients of retribution anywhere in the book.

Tristan and Iseult, by Joseph Bedier; translated by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

IT IS refreshing to see that there is room for a second edition of this book. If ours were a time which cared for "old, unhappy far-off things" of an admirable kind, the tale here retold would outsell even Will Durant. M. Bedier's version of the Tristan story is perfection—no artifice, naturalness itself and the tempo of the age when the narrative was written. It is, in its way, a marvel of reconstructing scholarship, able to do more than assemble facts and compile bibliographies. To one who cares for such things, an hour spent in comparing the story here told with Wagner's conception will prove interesting indeed. Mr. Belloc proves himself so admirable a translator that one wishes he had turned more frequently to this form of composition.

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A History of the County of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, by D. J. Rankin. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited.

OUR pleasantest recollection of this unusual compilation is in the evidence it furnishes of Father Rankin's large-hearted devotion to his kith and kin. He and his collaborators are all "laudatores temporis acti," and the dominant note is that of local patriotism. Three hundred pages contain little else than the names of past and present worthies of the terrain in question; the appeal of the book is consequently limited to the families represented in these genealogies. We should perhaps state that the Canadian county here memorialized is peopled mainly by devout Catholic folk of Highland Scottish extraction. Reading that "the history of Antigonish county is unsullied by the stain of painful controversy, either religious or political," we fail to understand why the historian of this idyllic region found his "task so rife with problems." It would be interesting to know why the early settlers, "motivated" by a praiseworthy longing for "freedom from the oppressor's heel," were compelled to "round the stormy cape" when sailing from old to new Scotland. We were intrigued by certain incongruities as well as by the antique flavor of the first chapter until we lit upon a footnote informing us that this "brief history of the county" was penned more than half a century ago! Timely as this doubtless was in its day, something more up to date might reasonably be expected in "the only history of the county so far written," and published in 1929. In many respects, however, the book is decidedly interesting.

Murder in the State Department, by Diplomat. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.00.

A CLEVER lawyer should be able to prove that Harrison Howard, under-secretary of the United States Department of State, was the victim of accidental manslaughter, not of first-degree murder. Nevertheless this fact does not militate against the interest of Diplomat's exposé of the intrigue which surrounded a secret Anglo-American alliance. The dénouement comes in a swiftly mounting climax which is rarely found in the usual run of detective stories. Dennis Tyler, chief of the Bureau of Current Political Intelligence, like Chesterton's The Man Who Knew Too Much, solves the mystery but, knowing the pulse of the country, prevails upon his Cabinet head and the President to waive prosecution and to represent his unusual activities as merely another intensive campaign to suppress bootlegging. This satirical thrust at the government's aptitude to divert public suspicion from its secret dealings is no doubt the reason for the author's anonymity. Anyone slightly familiar with official Washington might easily identify some of the more prominent figures in the book and Clovis Brown, president of the Pacifist Society requires but a modicum of imagination to turn him into a superintendent of the Anti-saloon League. But without this knowledge the reader is given ample opportunity to enjoy the rapid action and lucid style of a thoroughly ingenuous book.

Arrowheads, by Lilian White Spencer. New York: The Parade Publishing Company. $1.50.

MRS. SPENCER'S poetic gift is unusual in that it is thoughtful, precise, and, at its best, objective and analytical rather than personal or lyrical. This, her first volume, is divided into four parts: the first being devoted to poems in the manner of the Southwest Indians or on themes suggested by them. These are the least successful poems of the volume;

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they sometimes slip into the Indian mood but quickly fall out again. Mrs. Spencer's imagination is too fecund and subtle to allow her to adapt it harmoniously to the simple emotions and repetitive plain images of the Indian songs. In the second part, Sonnets of Amerindia, the poet is completely herself, massing with cryptic condensation her complex reactions to Indian life. The third part is devoted to more personal poems, and one discovers rather with surprise that Mrs. Spencer is neither without the faults attendant on feminine sentimentality (as in Epitaph for Me) nor without the virtues inherent in the same subjectivism (as in The Old Home, and Escape). But these lyrics do not show the poet whole, as the sonnets do. It is reserved for the fourth part, entitled Leaves from Earth's Book of Faery Beasts to complete our impression of a refined and sensitive poet by showing her in a mood of delightful whimsicality describing fabled monsters. These sketches are concrete, terse, sometimes barbed at the close with sly humor.

Vatican City, by Leone Gessi. Rome: Grafia Industrie Grafiche. 5 lire.

NO GREATER service could have been rendered to both the Catholic pilgrim and the casual visitor than the recent publication of a smart little guide compiled with unusual brilliancy by the Italian journalist, Leone Gessi. It is issued in English, Italian and French, has a city plan, fifty illustrations and is replete with valuable as well as practical information. Brief historical references give the scholar his bearings, while the tourist is told where to look and what to see. Curiosities such as the burying place in Saint Anna for the nominal Vatican population, the tapestry schools, mosaic studio, printing plant on the Vatican main street, have proved a revelation even for the inhabitants of Rome. The Catholic pilgrim finds all details concerning papal audiences, the manner of obtaining them and how to dress for them. A brief chapter also illustrates the wealth of spiritual treasures such as blessings and indulgences which can be gathered by a visit to the mystic city.

The Lore of the Unicorn, by Odell Shepard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

PROFESSOR SHEPARD offers one of the most authentic curiosa of the season. For all the legendary characteristics of the unicorn (which seems to have been deduced by particularly active fancies from the corpulent rhinoceros) he has written a fat and studious historical work bristling with references to the lore of travel and ancient customs. As might have been expected the manner is remarkably bright and fluent, quite in the best tradition of the English essay. There is ever so much to be learned here with pleasure which is never wholly bootless. One merely fears that exposing this attractive fraud may have confirmed the author in an innate tendency to wax sceptical in wholesale lots. Otherwise it is a beautiful book which deserves some kind of prize.

The Fiery Dive, by Martin Armstrong. New York: Harcourt. Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE sophisticated American writer is never anything else. The sophisticated Englishman is often, in addition, literal and artless: a combination of qualities much harder to attack. Mr. Armstrong's most celebrated story, The Widow of Ephesus, which makes one of this collection, offers just such a comment on the ideal of faithful love as Mr. Cabell might offer. But it replaces Mr. Cabell's graceful celebration of depravity, which any reader can disallow as a literary mood, with a simplicity seemingly untouched by self-consciousness, which humanizes

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the horrible story and gives it a real power over the reluctant mind. In the Wilds, less unpleasant but unpleasant enough, also unites candor of content with a manner unaffectedly direct; relating the attraction and repulsion of a very masculine man for an overcivilized girl. In Saint Hercules, the formula is less successful, but the difficulties of dramatizing holiness may plead an excuse. The title story, as well as The Misses Harlowe, inclines the balance perhaps unduly toward simplicity, and just escapes being sentimental. Finally, Sombrero, the pitiful fragmentary record of a castaway, is so good that Mr. Armstrong himself must hope he will some day equal it.

The Aeneid of Virgil; literally rendered by T. H. Delabere May. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

MR. MAY has revised a version of the Aeneid offered to the public some years ago. We have no hesitation in asserting that the work as it now stands seems to us quite the finest available Englishing of the great Roman epic. Of course Mr. May's blank verse is not a satisfactory substitute for the matchless hexameters of the original. But the Latin and the English are printed here side by side, and one feels that the two read in combination will be a great boon to all but the very few extraordinary Latinists for whom the poem has no secrets or dark places. Mr. May almost never fails to render the meaning clearer, or to avoid repellent awkwardness of paraphrase. Indeed his vocabulary is remarkable and his sense of rhythm distinguished. The book, presented in the attractive format of the Broadway Translations, ought not be overlooked in this year of the Virgil commemoration.

Spanish Holiday, by Eleanor Mercein (Mrs. Kelly). New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS is the sort of book ingratiating blurb-writers usually describe as "summer fiction." It can be guaranteed not to stimulate or startle the reader who wishes to steal a surreptitious cat-nap while ostensibly pursuing literature. The five short pieces contained in the book are simple, sentimental and romantic in the least inspiriting sense. In her foreword Mrs. Kelly has identified these writings as "modest fictions." As such perhaps they serve some purpose.

Boys' Book of Exploration, by J. Harris Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

THIS is a book that should prove a boon to the schoolboy, or anyone else, interested in the world's history of explorations. Mr. Cable begins at the beginning and tells his stry of man's adventurings and his progress from the rude start of civilization down to the present-day culture we know and the geographical charting of this planet's surface. It is well written, and interesting from start to finish. It is just the book for the man or boy with an adventurous turn of mind.

CONTRIBUTORS

STOYAN CHRISTOWE, former special correspondent from the Balkans, is a frequent contributor to current magazines

DOM VIRGIL MICHEL, O.S.B., and Dom Basil Stegmann, O.S.B., who collaborated on this article, are with the Liturgical Press.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON, former editor of Contemporary Verse, is the author of Buck Fever.

WALTER R. HUDSON, the author of Victoria Land, has served as prospecting geologist in China, Turkestan, South America and Alaska.

HERBERT REED is "right wing" among American sport writers.

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER, formerly editor of the Southern Fruit Grower, is a journalist and lecturer, and the author of Anchor Poems.

JOHN MULLEN is an Illinois poet.

HARVEY WICKHAM is the author of The Unrealists; The Impuritans; and other books.

JEAN BATCHELOR is a New York poet.

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